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NATIONAL REVIEW

LOOKING BACK AT BLACK MONDAY

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Maggie Gallagher's Bork Post-Mortem

• *RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS ON THE HEATH* •

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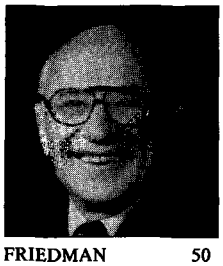
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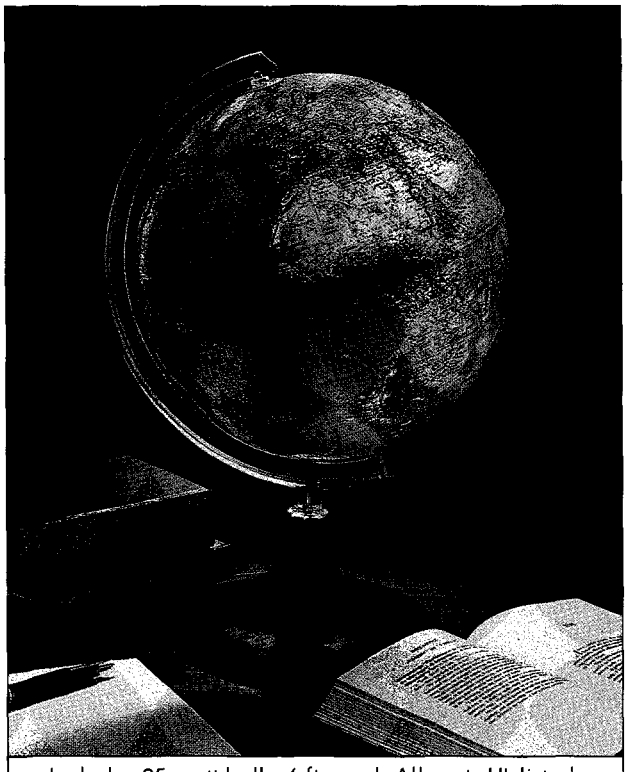

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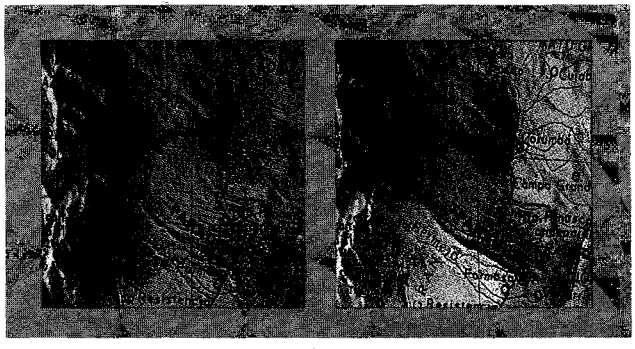

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LETTERS

Barking Up the Wrong Tree

Congressman Dornan had better come up with some better reasons for backing George Bush; those he gives in "Stop Beating around the Bush" [Nov. 6] just aren't convincing.

He is silliest when comparing the Vice President to Mr. Buckley and President Reagan. Mr. Buckley earned his way out of the preppy label by defending Joe McCarthy and founding the modern conservative movement. Mr. Reagan turned right two decades before he ran for office. Both became conservative when it *wasn't* the clever thing to do, whereas Mr. Bush is courting conservatives because he can't get the nomination without us.

I'll give Mr. Bush that much credit: he really is trying to make us happy by taking conservative positions. But we have no way of knowing how tall he stands behind his words. When Mr. Dornan has to mention that he has Mr. Bush's promise not to raise taxes *in writing*, it isn't a good sign.

It seems to me that Mr. Dornan's real argument is that George Bush is going to win anyway, so we might as well be his friend. I guess Mr. Bush has more respect for the power of the movement than does Mr. Dornan.

We shouldn't be talking about how "the gains of the Reagan era are to be consolidated," but about how to get our ideas *established*, so the first Democrat to reach the White House can't change everything back. That means we need a candidate who's *proved* he's a leader, one with the courage to change things even more. Vice President Bush is a nice man, and he's made some nice speeches, but he's no conservative leader.

Alana Rae Black
Jonesboro, Ga.

On Love & Letters

John Podhoretz's "Open Letter to Allan Bloom" [Oct. 9] was beautiful. Unfortunately, Mr. Podhoretz fails to understand that the "art of love" is not something that can be communicated with a reliable degree of success from teacher to student. Socrates may have been the "least loving of men"; however, it is that very aloofness that defines classic Western thought and makes him and his disciples so eminently teachable. Pure reason has its limits in terms of shaping personality and character, but it was the cornerstone of academic life when the university *meant* something to prospective students and the citizenry.

You can't really teach Dostoyevsky, Trollope, Jane Austen (or Jesus Christ, for that matter) in the same way you can teach the Greeks. For, in the case of Socrates, it is not simply the man or his works that are being taught, but rather a discipline of study pupils are forced to submit to. It's a method as well as a personality that the teacher is hitting the student with. Bloom's bracing point is that as wonderful as the more recent thinkers are, they can't supplant the seminal one.

John Podhoretz is as daunted as "the enemy" when the author insists on a hands-on confrontation with the true stuff of philosophy: a debate about first causes and the eternal questions—"What is Truth?" "What is the Soul?"

As a nation, we have been dodging these questions. The ominous implication of *The Closing of the American Mind* is that, with democratic principles dependent on whether or not we have the courage to seek the source beyond (above?) the system of rule, time may have already run out.

Jace Gaffney
Cheltenham, Pa.

John Podhoretz is correct, I think, in finding that the way to recovery of our vital collective soul is through the great works of literature. I would make explicit what is implicit in his discussion: only if these works are read with respect, indeed with humility, will they yield their treasure. Just as repeated exposure to blasphemy and to Biblical criticism posited upon unbelief makes God inaccessible, so courses in English literature taught condescendingly from the vantage point of our modern "insights," critical and political, will only block the students' access to the treasure this literature holds in trust for us.

Piroska M. Haywood
West Lafayette, Ind.

Plato's Guardian

David Gardey ["Letters," Oct. 23] seems to have gotten Plato's message without realizing that it is Plato's. The *Republic* is a detailed account of the *cost* of the perfect city: for the sake of the city,

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everyone must sacrifice what he holds most dear. If Mr. Gardey thinks the price is too high, so would most genuine philosophers, who, in being forced to rule, have more to give up than Rock.

If more students could study Plato with someone of the caliber of Allan Bloom, they might learn the difference between political advocacy and a philosopher's account of the nature of political things, and that Plato's analysis is *intended* to put us on our guard against the violence of human nature implicit in attempts to implement utopian schemes. According to Bloom, the *Republic* teaches *moderation*, and in that it seems to have been successful, since Mr. Gardey's reaction to it is certainly the common one. Many conservatives seem to regard Plato as a proto-Marxist; to make that mistake is to deny themselves the insights of a powerful thinker, and to miss one of the main points of one of the greatest exercises in *reductio ad absurdum* ever written.

Anthony P. Mull
Philipsburg, Pa.

Two Stands on Stanford

I'm afraid Tom Bethell ["Totem and Taboo at Stanford," Oct. 9] overdid it a bit. Portraying Stanford as a mindless liberal menace makes little sense to people in the know (like students).

The sad truth is that most of us are just plain apathetic—"nice," as Allan Bloom put it. Sure, there are a few activist students on campus, but most people simply don't involve themselves in political activities. If you're going to indict us, do it on Allan Bloom's grounds, not Bethell's.

Scott Lyon
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

As a classmate of Andrew McBride at Stanford Law School, I chose, through my absence from the event, to make the same statement as he regarding the "Silence in the Classroom" meeting. I had learned during my first semester at Stanford that expressions of conservative opinion would be held against me and squelched with extreme prejudice, so I generally saved my breath.

On the day following the "Silence" uproar, a classmate who had represented the homosexual community on the panel paid me a backhanded compliment. A group of students had stayed on after Dean Paul Brest's seminar on Free Expression (note the irony) the evening before to discuss their anger at McBride's intransigence. But at the outset, he said, "we were careful to note that there were 'good' conservatives—like Ted—" before going on to trash McBride. The comment reminded me of nothing more than the bigots of years past who praised the "good niggers" who did not assert their civil rights or make waves. The occasion confirmed my experience of Stanford as a place of rampant political bigotry.

Theodore M. Cooperstein
Fort Smith, Ark.

The Answer

After reading your Campus Issue, I poured myself three fingers of rare single malt and mellowly contemplated how I would spend the fortune I plan to save by not sending either of my daughters to Yale, Harvard, Stanford, or any of the other ruinously expensive hot-houses mentioned in your magazine. If my girls could one day be infected by cultural relativism, I'll see to it that the risk is run in much pleasanter surroundings and at vastly lower cost.

Roger W. Friskey Jr.
Baltimore, Md.

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America has lost a generation of teachers. To fill in the gaps, schools are using teachers out of the fields of expertise or uncertified teachers to make sure classrooms aren't empty. This severely hurts the education process and masks the severity of the teacher shortage.

In a recent gallup poll, commissioned by the NEA, 80% of the American people favor higher teacher salaries. Almost half of those surveyed—41%—said they are willing to pay higher taxes to see that teachers are paid properly.

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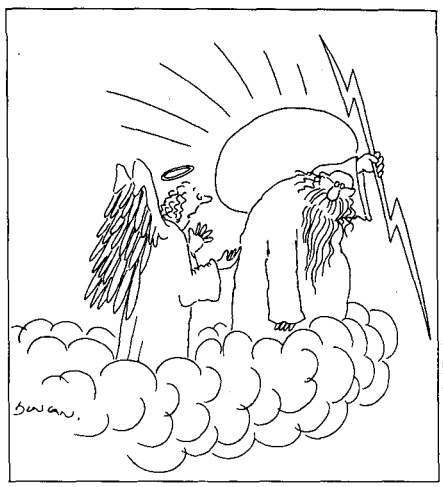
FOR THE RECORD

What they said when the Dow said, Ow: GOP hopefuls reacted in character. **Robert Dole** wanted "someone . . . to provide a forum so that we can discuss problems affecting the market and maybe find out what some of the answers are. . . . In this country, only one person can provide that leadership, and that is the President." **George Bush** sat tight. "Anyone who wants to jump away" from **Ronald Reagan**, said Bush campaign manager **Lee Atwater**, "will look foolish. I would say go ahead, step away from Reaganomics and make George Bush's day." **Jack Kemp** plugged currency reform: "Our unstable world monetary system . . . threatens the world economic and trading policy." . . . Democrats blamed you-know-who. "The voodoo chickens of Reaganomics have come home to roost" (**Albert Gore**). The plunge "finally jolted the American people into a recognition that there are serious economic problems in this country" (**Mario Cuomo**). "We've been relying on paper profits and the good will of our allies to finance our twin deficits" (**Richard Gephardt**). "This is the end product of **Arthur Laffer**'s supply-side economics and **Milton Friedman**'s experiment with monetarism" (**John Kenneth Galbraith**). "The market is sending an unequivocal message to the President and the Congress to . . . agree on a Federal deficit reduction plan" (a tax raise; Rep. **Daniel Rostenkowski**). . . . Scattered flakes in the storm of comment: "I've been out for a year" not "because I was smart. I got out because I was too dumb to understand what the heck might be really going on" (**H. Ross Perot**). "I'm just a Westerner who came to town today to see how these New Yorkers are handling my money, and I've lost half a million in eight hours" (**Bryan Carman**, Idaho businessman). "When things are tough, the house goes first, then the Jaguar, then the wife's $500 dress, and then the steak" **Arthur Stillman** of Smith & Wollensky, a New York steak house). "Stocks fluctuate. Next question" (**Alan C. Greenberg**, Bear, Stearns & Company).



Duncan, *Punch*/Rotheo

"Not America. Think of the lawsuits."

Pre-crash, **Fred Barnes**, the conservative mole at *The New Republic*, assessed the GOP for **Paul Weyrich**'s *Political Report*. "If a campaign does not run well or at least run fairly well in Iowa, the press will ignore the candidate and ask only one question, when are you going to drop out. Bush better hope Dole is the guy to challenge him for first place because I think he can beat Dole. If it is Kemp, he is going to have a harder time." Barnes rates as Kemp strengths his willingness to go beyond Reagan on Central America, arms control, SDI. "This is where a lot of grassroots people in the Republican Party are. It's a place where neither Bush nor Dole can go." . . . Latest **Hart** poll shows voters preferring a Democratic victory in 1988 by 39 per cent to 30. Younger voters (aged 18-34) lean to the GOP, 40 per cent to 37. Census Bureau reports that in the last off-year election, young (aged 18-24) blacks showed a higher turnout than whites of same age. Twenty-five per cent of the young blacks voted; 22 per cent of the young whites. . . . The final vote on Judge **Robert Bork** was 58-42. Every Democrat, except **David Boren** (Okla.) and **Ernest Hollings** (S.C.) ran with the pack. Among the last to join: *soi-disant* moderate **Sam Nunn**. **Bill Bradley**, the party's other "moderate," had announced against Bork early on. Six Republicans voted no. Most surprising, **John Warner** (Va.). Warner claimed he could not find a "record of compassion"; he also thought Reagan's charges of a "lynch mob" "unbecoming the office of the Presidency."

Are Americans jittery about the Gulf? Not according to the last (September) *New York Times*/CBS News poll. Fifty-five per cent thought it "likely" that sending Navy ships to the Gulf would get us involved in a war (36 per cent answered, "not likely"). Nevertheless, 60 per cent approved of Navy ships protecting foreign-owned oil tankers there (32 per cent disapproved). When asked to describe "the importance of the Persian Gulf to the interests of the United States," 76 per cent answered, "very important"; 15 per cent, "not very important." "Feelings toward Iran" broke down this way: 78 per cent, "unfavorable"; 16 per cent, "neutral"; 2 per cent, "favorable." (**Ramsey Clark**'s family?) . . . Same poll showed skepticism concerning upcoming INF treaty. Sixty-one per cent thought Moscow would cheat. Forty-two per cent felt the Soviet Union would benefit, only 32 per cent thought United States would.

The world of *glasnost*: three women protesting the prison sentence meted out to German aviator **Mathias Rust** were dragged off a Moscow promenade as hundreds looked on. . . . Soviet historian **Dmitri Yurasov** discovered secret statistics on Stalinist repressions and gruesome accounts of tortures used against such figures as theater director **Vsevolod Meyerhold**. Whereupon KGB men searched Yurasov's apartment and removed offending documents. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* reports East Germany and other Soviet satellites tired of subsidizing Sandinista mismanagement. Nicaraguan roadsides are strewn with wrecked East German IFA trucks—so called because they are *imposible frenar a tiempo* (impossible to stop in time).

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THE WEEK

☐ Mr. Sam Walton, proprietor of the Wal-Mart chain, lost $1.1 billion—yes, billion—on Black Monday, and just shrugged.

☐ To counter the anti-minority image Robert Bork's enemies were busily limning, a black law professor named John T. Baker planned to testify in Bork's favor before the Senate Judiciary Committee. But the day before he was set to appear, Baker got a phone call from an old acquaintance, Linda Greene, who warned him that he would get a tough grilling, and his personal and professional reputation could be badly hurt. Did he really want to go through with it? Baker decided he didn't, and cancelled his appearance. When the story came to light, Miss Greene insisted she'd called Baker strictly as a friend: it was incidental that she works for a Judiciary subcommittee headed by Howard Metzenbaum. Fortunately for her, members of Congress and their staffs are immune from prosecution under laws against tampering with witnesses.

☐ From the PATCO air-controllers' strike to the recent NFL football players' strike, and of course you can include Margaret Thatcher's defeat of the coal miners' strike, the pattern is clear. Organized labor has declined drastically from its position of economic and political power during the 1930s. The economic equation has changed and so has the demography. With the emergence of a service economy and a high-tech base, there are far fewer "workers" in the old sense, and more people who have middle-class economic interests, e.g., lower taxes, more purchasing power. Most football fans sided with the *owners* during the NFL strike, despite a weird media bias in favor of the pigskin carriers. Organized labor backed FDR. Truman. Kennedy. Johnson. And . . . Mondale. Peering into the future . . . the AFL-CIO will first become much more black, and Hispanic, and radical. Then it will become an irrelevancy.

☐ The retirement of three Republican senators in the last six weeks has reduced the already slim chance of GOP control of the Senate after next year's elections. The seats held by Paul Trible of Virginia and Daniel Evans of Washington are likely to be won by Democrats. Robert Stafford is likely to be replaced by liberal Republican James Jeffords in Vermont. The departure of these (alas, lackluster) men is not the most significant obstacle to regaining control. Though the arithmetic favors the Republicans (more Democrats are up for re-election next year) the party is having trouble finding attractive candidates to run. In Tennessee, former Governor Lamar Alexander is reluctant to take on incumbent Jim Sasser (in 1984, Alexander refused to fight with Albert Gore for Howard Baker's seat). In New Mexico, Montana, Arizona, Maine, West Virginia, Texas, Massachusetts, and North Dakota, no prominent Republicans have yet decided to run against incumbent Democrats. In Mississippi, however, the retirement of Democrat John Stennis makes it possible for House Republican Whip Trent Lott to seek, and almost certainly to occupy, his seat. Republican Representative Connie Mack has announced he will challenge incumbent Democrat Lawton Chiles in Florida. Candidates like Lott and Mack are the kind Republicans ought to encourage: young, articulate, experienced, and not afraid of debating along conservative versus liberal lines, which is how Republicans took control in 1980.

☐ So much for a jury's verdict. In the Bernhard Goetz case, liberalism was on trial too. Liberalism won. Goetz, who had been mugged before, carried an illegal gun. Confronted by four black thugs in a subway car, he shot them. All had criminal records, three committed subsequent crimes, including rape, and one became violent on the witness stand. The jury of New York citizens decided that Goetz had behaved reasonably under the circumstances. But the Goetz case became politicized. The thugs were black. The gunman was white. Immense pressure descended upon the district attorney's office. The parole board recommended leniency for Goetz, a first offender, on the illegal gun charge. Liberal editorialists clamored for Goetz's hide. The judge sent him to jail for six months, an absurd sentence in a criminal justice system where first offenders almost never go to jail. An absurd sentence, given that the jury had concluded that Goetz acted reasonably and in self-defense. Goetz is not a threat to any normal citizen. The disposition of the case threatens waning confidence in municipal justice.

☐ By changing signals and for the moment cancelling the Summit plans, Gorbachev meant to orchestrate

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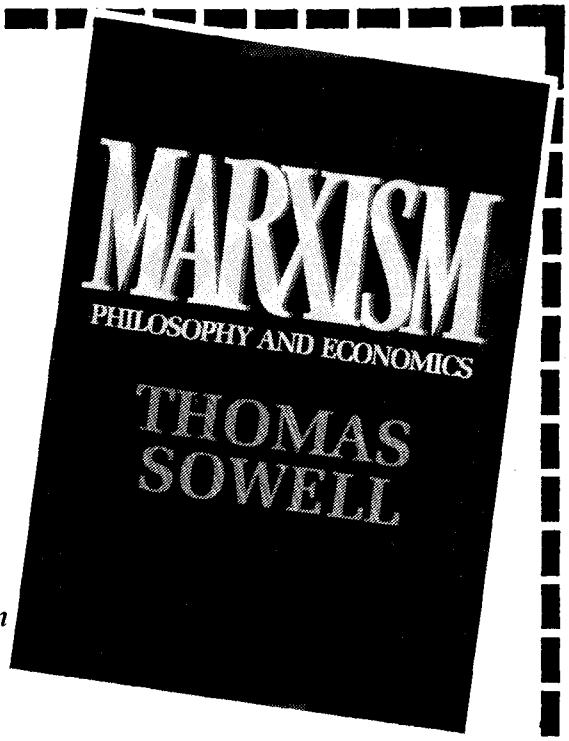
Shattering the Myths of Marxism



With fully three-fourths of the world enmeshed in the Marxist mythos, no American can afford *not* to understand its underlying ideology. Thomas Sowell, who has seen the issue from both sides (first as adherent, and later opponent) makes *Marxism* a fascinating, sometimes frightening study. Lively, lucid and enlightening, *Marxism* will acquaint readers with the facts, and offer fresh insights into their history and application to the present.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THERE WAS MORE art than chance at Ronald Reagan's press conference on the stock market. The artistry was shown early by a network TV camera, positioned across the hallway from the Blue Room to catch the President walking in a vigorous take-charge stride to the East Room and the waiting vulturous White House press pool. The camera showed the extent to which the White House sought to please the press. The networks had never before been allowed that camera position, which in directors' jargon provides "continuity."

Why did Reagan go to such elaborate lengths? Because he knew that this was the performance of a lifetime. Every statement, gesture, and expression would be under a tight media lens. Was Reagan panicked by Wall Street's meltdown? Did he understand the gravity of it? Would he show leadership?

The President immediately sought to defuse tension, quipping about the paucity of his press conferences, "It just seems like yesterday." The brief statement that Treasury Secretary James Baker, Chief of Staff Howard Baker, and OMB Director James Miller were to form a negotiating trio to meet with a bipartisan deficit-reduction team from Congress was expected. Reagan's next terse statement, however, was not: "Everything" was on the table except Social Security. This was an artful first step toward restoring continuity to his economic recovery. He avoided the classic Republican blunder of targeting the massive entitlement that contributes so heavily to both the federal deficit and the individual tax burden. This battle was fought and lost in 1981, with heavy political consequences for the GOP in 1982. Some analysts here still believe that the substantial defection of 1981 voters (notably between the ages of 55 and death) resulted from the Social Security issue, which in turn cost the GOP a political realignment. Reagan has never liked this tax, yet he managed to go against his instincts at the press conference and not reopen old wounds, a critical decision for the political future of the next Republican nominee. For the next 25 minutes, the media grilled Reagan on whether he supported or opposed tax increases. Once again, the President's lines were artfully crafted.

For conservatives, the President made very clear that he didn't like taxes, particularly those affecting "the economy," by which he meant stiff marginal income taxes. A true-blue supply-sider, Reagan wants no disincentive taxes. For his conservative political base, this was an important sop.

Yet for the international community, Congress, and Wall Street, Reagan was ostensibly saying something else. His refusal to rule out tax increases, and his straightforward promise to restore confidence in the handling of the twin trade and budget deficits, were meant to dispel his earlier off-handedness to Wall Street's woes. On Black Monday, Reagan had said he didn't understand the reasons for the sellout on the Street. Financiers hate to see incomprehension in Presidents at any time, but especially when government actions—in this case West Germany's and the U.S.—are among the chief causes of the turmoil.

Reagan's favorite form of mass communication is a TV address; second, he likes the live audience speech; third, the direct address to a joint session of Congress. His least favorite communications vehicle is the news conference.

If the media expected an embattled, befuddled Reagan, however, they were in for a surprise. His performance was controlled, reassuring, and genial. It is a measure of the moment that his sternly worded warning to the Ayatollah about the cost of future strikes against the U.S. was so calmly put. Yet the warning on the printed page is chilling. In the hands of a lesser communicator, the news conference might have been a disaster.

Reagan's performance is also significant for what he did not say. He did not declare that there was nothing to fear, noting that if consumers misread the market drop, and failed to make purchases, there could be a recession. He did not harp on the soundness of the economy, instead touching lightly on its strength. He stressed heavily the need for bipartisan deficit action, principally through domestic spending cuts. Mr. Reagan made his preference for budget cuts clear, disdaining Democratic spendthrift habits, yet he avoided boxing himself into fixed opposition to new taxes. Reagan offered revenue enhancements from asset sales as a quick fix, doubtless the opening gambit for his bargaining team. Once or twice he rose to the bait and did a little Congress-bashing, but in general, analysts here agree, it was a skillful and measured performance from a man whose wife had just endured a mastectomy, who is in a near war in the Persian Gulf, who is dealing with an enigmatic and vacillating Communist superpower, and who had just experienced on his Presidential watch the biggest one-day Wall Street crash ever. Pro that he is, Reagan made the news conferences look easy, but it wasn't easy at all. —CATO

"world opinion" to regard Reagan and SDI as blocking disarmament and world peace. But, almost simultaneously, it came to light that the Soviets are constructing a huge new laser ground-to-air complex at Nurek, near the Afghan border. Though the Nurek complex was known to our own intelligence systems, its existence became public through the satellite photographs taken by Space Media Network, a private Swedish company. The Nurek complex appears to be designed to shoot down U.S. intelligence satellites with laser beams, and perhaps also hit and destroy incoming ICBMs. Yes, Star Wars. "It appears to be larger and more elaborate than any comparable facility in the West," said John E. Pike, head of space policy for the Federation of American Scientists. "Whether or not this facility will be capable of shooting down satellites, . . . it most certainly is developing the kind of technology that would eventually be able to do so." Smoked out by the Swedish photos, U.S. General John L. Piotrowski said that the Soviet lasers already in operation could hit U.S. satellites at 750 miles. Union of Concerned Scientists, we told you so.

☐ The departure of Amadou Mahtar M'Bow as head

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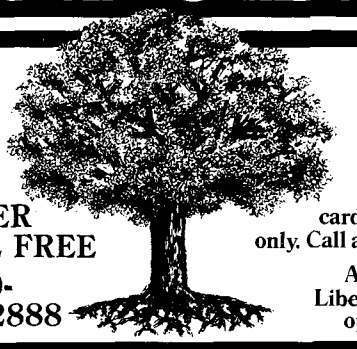

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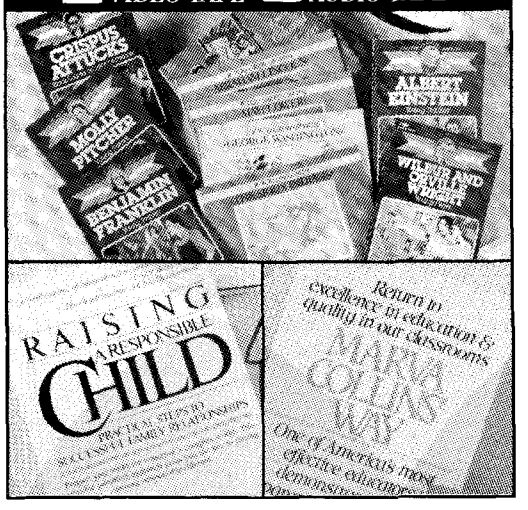

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The People Deceived

As NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE over the removal of medium-range nuclear missiles from the European theater, the Soviet Union continues its relentless build-up of intercontinental ballistic missiles targeted on the United States. Deployment of the new mobile SS-24s and SS-25s is underway, and a Soviet follow-up to the SS-18—the world's largest ICBM—was tested by the USSR recently against targets near Hawaii. The CIA predicts that the Soviets will build their ICBM force to as many as 12,000 accurate warheads in the 1990s—a true first-strike force, adequate in numbers and accuracy to cripple America's retaliatory power.

The Soviet network of huge Krasnoyarsk-class ABM radars should be completed in four or five years. When the network of battle management radars is completed, the Soviet Union will be able to set up a nationwide ABM defense "in a matter of months," according to Robert Gates, Deputy Director of the CIA. Mr. Gates said that could be in the early 1990s.

At that time, the Soviet Union will possess a potentially lethal combination: a first-strike arsenal that could, according to Zbgniew Brzezinski, leave the United States "strategically crippled, capable of only a spasmodic response," and a Soviet ABM defense that can blunt our retaliatory strike. This makes the 1990s a time of maximum danger for the United States.

A U.S. space-based defense would eliminate the threat of a Soviet first strike because it would deny the Soviets the essential requirement for a successful first strike—the crippling of U.S. retaliatory forces.

As matters are progressing in SDI, the American people can have the protection of an effective space-based defense by the 1990s, when they need it. The defense will not depend on the lasers and beam weapons planned for the 21st century, but on "smart rocks" (or "kinetic energy" weapons.)

But the American Congress seems determined to fix matters so that the American people do *not* have this protection when they need it. Severe cuts this year in SDI funding in Congress will delay final flight tests of the most important types of "smart rocks" by at least two years, and push the availability of these devices past the mid-1990s.

The Governing Council of the American Physical Society can claim a large part of the credit for that devastating setback to American security.

The American Physical Society, representing 33,000 American physicists, recently released a report criticizing laser and particle beam defenses. The report was cited twenty times on the Senate and House floors by anti-SDI members of Congress, as a reason for cutting funds for the 1990s "smart rock" defenses. Yet the report the Congressmen cited as a reason for keeping a "smart rock" defense from the American people explicitly disclaimed any judgment on "smart rock" defenses. It dealt with lasers and particle beams, which are not planned for use before the end of the century.

In fact, Dr. Bloembergen of Harvard, co-chairman of the APS Study Group, said his panel's study covered "less than 25 per cent of the total [SDI] effort."

How did it happen that the senators and congressmen were misled into citing a report that actually had nothing to do with what they were arguing about?

The fault is not theirs. They were deceived by the Governing Council of the American Physical Society. The Council issued a statement criticizing the "smart rock" defense planned for the 1990s. The Council's statement was timed to coincide with the release of the APS report, and made prominent mention of the report. Anyone giving the Council's statement a quick reading would conclude that its recommendations against early deployment were based on the work of the technical panel.

Yet nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, 12 of 17 members of the Study group wrote a letter to the APS council protesting the abuse of their report. They said, "We object to being included in the APS Council's statements on matters neither we nor they studied."

"Matters neither we nor they studied." Nothing could be clearer than that. The APS Council's attack on the plans for a 1990s defense with "smart rocks" was presented as if the Council and the Study Group knew something about this defense, when in fact they had not even looked at it.

All this emerged for the first time on September 15, at a congressional hearing five months after the report was released.

Congressman Curt Weldon (R., Pa.) was incensed that Dr. Bloembergen had waited several months to set the record straight, until after the damage created by the Council's deception had been done in Congress. He said, "I can tell you that during the debate on funding of SDI, the report you issued was used as a major reason why members voted to cut SDI funding. We members of Congress, trying to look intelligently at SDI, weren't given the benefit [of knowing about your objections to the Council's statement] when the report was issued.

"I think that is unfair to this body and to the people of the country."

Congressman Weldon's anger was justified. Congress was deceived by the APS Council. The people were deceived. The APS report was a major miscarriage of the advisory process to the government on which the American scientific community has prided itself.

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A Backward Look

The books are there for all to read:
How Herbert Hoover, in his need,
Asked for and got more taxes, which
Left business twitching in the ditch,
As voters kicked the door ajar
For Eleanor and FDR.

W. H. VON DREELE

of UNESCO tells only that talk of rejoining the ideologically corrupt agency is premature. M'Bow's successor, Federico Mayor Zaragoza, was once his deputy. It remains to be seen whether Zaragoza will have the desire, ability, and clout to reform UNESCO. While the disparate elements—Third World radicals, Soviet bloc puppets, and Western democrats—make for continuing political fire-fights, UNESCO's constituted purpose is essentially non-political. The UN founded the organization to encourage "educational development" around the world. What this means, and how it is to be achieved, are questions that lend themselves to ideological maneuvering. Until a reorientation is effected, the U.S. should direct its foreign aid efforts elsewhere.

☐ When Mathias Rust, a 19-year old West German, flew from Finland to Red Square in a Cessna, was it a setup? It seemed a joke on the Soviets at the time, but maybe it is turning out to be a joke on us. First of all, Rust's penetration of Soviet airspace was suspiciously easy. Second, the episode allowed Gorbachev to sack, for cause, opponents high in the military. Third, Rust began talking vociferously about Peace in his Moscow statements. Fourth, Munich businessman Wolfgang Neumann has bought the Cessna and is sending it around Western Europe and the U.S. It will carry two blank notebooks, one for the perusal of Reagan and one for the perusal of Gorbachev. Citizens will inscribe personal messages about Peace. Look for Mathias Rust to be sprung fairly soon, long before his four-year sentence is up. Looks very, very fishy, and we will report back as soon as *NR* hears from its moles in the Kremlin.

☐ What goes on at higher levels of government is typified by Mo Udall (D., Ariz.) removing from the quarters of the House Interior Committee an innocuous painting of one of them pesky injuns scalping a paleface. It was called "Death Whoop," and had been there for more than a century. "This is one of the great historical moments of the House Interior Committee," said Mr. Udall, with understandable modesty.

☐ Speaking of things politicians can do for you, the Feds are providing a little help—estimated at $67 million—for the construction of a "yuppie heaven" in Chicago. It is, in fact, the biggest apartment complex ever built. Residents of the previous structures were evicted and given $10 each to hit the streets. The new residents earn an average of $41,700 and obviously need all the help they can get from other people's taxes. That assistance was arranged, in no small measure, by Representative Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who by some coincidence has been associated with Mr. Daniel Shannon, the developer of the complex, for 25 years. Needless to say, Rosty says, this was all "for the good of the city, not of [his] friend," and if you can swallow that whopper you can still wonder why federal taxes on Alabama or West Virginia are used to finance a project in Chicago.

☐ The National Journalism Center, which offers training in the skills of media work within a context of traditional values, is accepting applications for its "mini-mester" internship sessions. The NJC provides practical training in researching, writing, and editing, plus experience working under professional journalists in Washington. Each intern receives a stipend of $100 a week for the six-week session. The session starts December 14. Deadline for applications is December 4. For more information, contact M. Stanton Evans, Chris Warden, or Mal Kline at 517 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; phone 202-544-1333.

☐ Biaggi, Wright, Hart, Biden, Kennedy, Metzenbaum . . . this is the party that wanted to make an issue of "the sleaze factor" in 1984. It ought to be an issue in '88.

☐ All the human beings left in the country were riveted on the dramatic rescue of Jessica, the tot who fell down a well, and Paul, the newborn who is doing well after a heart transplant. The rest were out protesting that Judge Bork would oppose killing babies.

☐ Presidential candidate Bruce Babbitt recently did a comedy skit on *Saturday Night Live*. "The toughest part," he said, "was to deliver my lines without laughing." Same problem most Democrats have.

Does the United States Have Any Interests?

RUMORS ARE SPREADING in Washington that the Reagan Administration is about to take the ultimate step toward reforming U.S. foreign policy by opening an American Interests Section at the State De-

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partment. The foreign service claims this would violate its most cherished principle of high diplomacy: never take sides on any issue—it complicates the negotiations.

Regrettably, vast numbers of Democrats in Congress and all but one of the Democratic presidential candidates have finally joined Foggy Bottom in embracing the notion that America has no interests abroad worth defending. No other conclusion is possible after watching the candidates' latest television debate and following the Senate debate on the U.S. reflagging operation in the Persian Gulf. Can anyone doubt that the Scoop Jackson wing of the Democratic Party is lost and gone forever?

The U.S. operation in the Persian Gulf is a sensible, firm, and well-conceived policy. It is a policy that has won the active support (complete with warships and minesweepers) of our European allies. They know all too well what a cataclysmic economic and political catastrophe the loss of the Persian Gulf would be for the Western world. If the United States withdrew from the Gulf now, it would destroy the last traces of our credibility with the Third World (particularly the Arabs), and seriously undermine NATO by shaking European confidence in America as a reliable ally.

Against all this, a majority of Democrats in Congress dare assert that the United States has no vital interest in the Gulf. Pray then, gentlemen, does America have any interests overseas at all? If free navigation in the oil-supply lines of the Persian Gulf is not a vital interest of the United States, then it is hard to conceive of any interest beyond the defense of our own beaches.

These Democrats are in a fairy-castle world where defense spending is wasteful and foreign policy an indulgence (save for arms control, the Left's only foreign policy). Winston Churchill watched Britain sink into that delusion in the 1930s: "I have watched this famous island descending incontinently, fecklessly, the stairway which leads to a dark gulf. It is a fine broad stairway at the beginning. But after a bit the carpet ends. A little farther on there are only flagstones, and a little farther on still these break beneath your feet."

Defend the Persian Gulf or descend into Churchill's gulf. The former is painful, the latter is worse.

Confusion Abounding

PERCEIVING THE Reagan Administration as weak and desperate for a summit meeting, Gorbachev reneged, temporarily perhaps, on his commitment to visit America this fall. Predictably, Soviet opposition to SDI was the ultimate motive for Gorbachev's crude attempt to extract yet another pound of flesh from his American interlocutors. The Kremlin knows it cannot compete credibly in the high-tech competition that SDI will force upon it. And the Soviet leadership is quite naturally loathe to see decades of investment toward achieving Soviet strategic nuclear superiority wiped off the slate by a successful U.S. SDI program. This is why Soviet negotiators have been so fixated on a military program that remains years away from deployment. It is why the President has been right to refuse to negotiate on SDI. His stubbornness on this issue has been a national asset and the only reason Moscow has made any arms control concessions at all.

The entire Western world suffers from an incurable case of acute collective amnesia when it comes to recalling past Soviet behavior. Time and again, when the United States has appeared vulnerably eager for a Summit meeting or arms-control agreement, the Soviet leadership has played a trick similar to what Gorbachev did to George Shultz: bait the Yankee country bumpkin with an "agreement in principle" that appears to resolve all but the details, then stiff-arm him on the eve of the victory celebration. In this manner the Soviets have managed to extract numerous last-minute concessions from their country cousins who never seem to learn that beneath the Soviet smile there is not one iota of genuine good will, but only the cold and calculating shrewdness of men who know precisely what the ultimate battle is all about.

Then there is the INF treaty itself, the proposed centerpiece of the proposed summit meeting. The treaty as it now stands will make Western Europe marginally more secure against Soviet nuclear forces while making the Soviet Union absolutely invulnerable to any land-based U.S. nuclear forces based in Western Europe, since there will be none capable of reaching Soviet territory. No cause for worry, however, since this effect will be of little significance compared to the vastly increased significance of Soviet superiority in conventional forces. The INF treaty makes Europe safe for conventional war while insuring that any nuclear fireworks that should occur will take place almost entirely on German soil (both West and East), thus compounding the schizophrenic paranoia of Europe's most neurotic country. The Admin-

An Incident off Hawaii

From deep in Russia with a *whoosh*
Unnoticed, still, by Mr. Bush
And Democrats whose dwarfish size
Makes them distrustful of their eyes,
A dummy missile hit the sea
Not far from downtown Waikiki,
Which doesn't seem, as gestures go,
Like hanging up the mistletoe.

W. H. VON DREELE

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istration has actually succeeded in disheartening the right wing of German politics, while making the name of Ronald Reagan speakable (barely) on the Left. Agreements like this one give a bad name to arms control, which is about the only thing we can say in its favor.

What To Do?

STOCK PRICES ARE back down to where they were a year ago, though substantial gains have recently been made in the value of U.S. bonds. It's unsettling, but not unmanageable. Properly handled, it could be as ephemeral as the crashes of 1962 or 1966, so long as we don't instead replay the tax, trade, and monetary policies of 1929-32—as the market now expects.

The biggest panic was in the White House, which was somehow snookered with the bizarre notion that the stock market suddenly yearned for higher taxes on corporations, their customers, and stockholders. To limit the damage from this apparent capitulation, President Reagan needs at least to put considerable distance between himself and Danny Rostenkowski's irresponsible tax proposals. Yet the whole diversion about an extra few billion dollars in taxes is an irrelevant waste of time. The markets were not suddenly spooked by a budget deficit one-third *smaller* than last year's, and no serious economic theory suggests that higher tax rates are the way to ward off a possible economic slump. The stock market puts a value on *profits* and incomes, so it is scarcely to "restore confidence" to promise that the government hopes to appropriate a larger share of those profits and incomes. Ideally, Congress should instead be accelerating the lower 1988 withholding tax into the fourth quarter of this year.

Letting Congress wage tax warfare on investors opens the door to fears that Congress may also mug the President on trade. The fact that markets crashed in all the nations tied to the U.S. through trade was only a minor warning of how dangerous a shrinking world market could be. The crash was a "vote of no confidence" in the Congress, and in a White House increasingly unwilling to do battle over serious issues. The Administration must take the offensive on the frightening issue of trade warfare, insisting that Congress either withdraw the omnibus trade bills, or quit dragging its feet and get a bill on the President's desk before Christmas so that he can quickly veto it. This would banish the specter of Smoot-Hawley that now haunts world commerce and finance.

Federal Reserve Chairman Greenspan cannot afford to be paralyzed by the embarrassing cover story in *Fortune*, "Why Greenspan is Bullish." That article even hinted that the dollar should keep falling because U.S. bonds had a higher interest rate than Japanese bonds, though it is the perception that U.S. officials wanted the dollar to fall that in fact added that risk premium to U.S. interest rates. World investors do not need comforting words or rosy forecasts; they need prudent action to restore the value of stocks and bonds. The world's central banks now seem to be resisting the evident tendency of interest rates to fall, even as inflation anxieties disappear. Yet Treasury Secretary Baker's recent plan to adjust monetary policies to limit commodity gyrations clearly permits global monetary ease, because commodity prices are low and falling.

The Federal Reserve should quickly cut the margin requirement on stocks from 50 to 25 per cent. Margin requirements were designed to prevent stock prices from being bid too high on credit, but this is the least of our worries. Besides, big investors can buy and sell twenty times as much stock as they put up in cash, by trading stock options and futures. The only effect of high margin requirements in the current situation is to force small investors to sell stock—or perhaps their homes—in order to meet some arbitrary regulation.

If the Democratic Party wishes to ignore all such positive steps, and instead run on a Hooveresque platform of more taxes, tariffs, and regulations, this is no time for "me too" Republicanism.

Calculated Risk Factor

"AIDS," WROTE *Newsweek* in April 1983, "is creeping out of its well-defined epidemiological confines." "Now," wrote *U.S. News & World Report* four years later, AIDS "is spreading so rapidly beyond homosexuals and drug abusers that the old rules no longer apply."

If this is true—and if it was true four years ago—where is the explosion of heterosexual AIDS victims? In a piece in *Commentary*, *NR* contributor Michael Fumento provocatively suggests that there hasn't been any such explosion, and that it won't come.

Aren't straight AIDS cases up? Yes, Fumento agrees. But that is largely because the Centers for Disease Control have lumped formerly distinct categories—Haitians and Africans, and "unexplained"—into the heterosexual category.

Doesn't AIDS travel heterosexually in Africa? So it seems. But other factors—primitive health care, pervasive venereal diseases (which lower the body's resistance to AIDS), ritual genital scarification and clitorectomy—have to be taken into account.

Why should the homosexual population have been more susceptible? Because blood vessels are more easily ruptured in anal intercourse (AIDS is blood-borne). Also—the fact that dare not speak its name—male homosexuals have been, on average, extraordinarily promiscuous.

Fumento blames two groups for encouraging the

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straight AIDS panic: homosexuals who believe that straight society has underfunded research into a "gay disease"; and moralists seeking to put the fear of death (the fear of God having failed) into the loose livers.

These are not, in themselves, unworthy goals. Any fatal disease is society's enemy, and the sexual revolution has a lot to answer for. But efficiency is as necessary to good works as to anything else. Fumento ends on a stern note. "Every dollar spent, every commercial made, every health warning released, that does not specify promiscuous anal intercourse and needle-sharing as the overwhelming risk factors in the transmission of AIDS is a lie, a waste of funds and energy, and a cruel diversion."

The Thatcher Revolution

MARGARET THATCHER, quite possibly the Woman of the Century, hung the Left out to dry at the annual Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool. She has in mind nothing less than the reshaping of British political and economic life as that has been understood since 1945, by Labour and Tory alike.

She told a cheering audience that "free enterprise and competition" had led to a "national revival" since she became prime minister in 1979. She said that the Conservative Party must now begin to dismantle key socialist bastions in the local councils. "We will free tenants from their dependence on council landlords. We will free parents to choose the schools they want for their children."

This unprecedented three-term prime minister began by cleaning the Butskellites out of positions of power in her party—the expression amalgamating liberal Conservative Rab Butler and Labour's Hugh Gaitskell. Defeating Ted Heath for leadership, she took on the unions and broke the power of Arthur Scargill's coal miners. She was working with the grain of history and demography, as more and more working-class employees left unskilled jobs for the service and tech sectors. She sold off nationalized firms to private investors, and publicly owned housing to private owners. Individual share-ownership went up. Her modernization is bound to creep elsewhere, into the depressed areas of Wales and Scotland. There will be increased privatization of the National Health Service and the local school systems, and an opening up of television channels. She is not beloved. She is admired and respected.

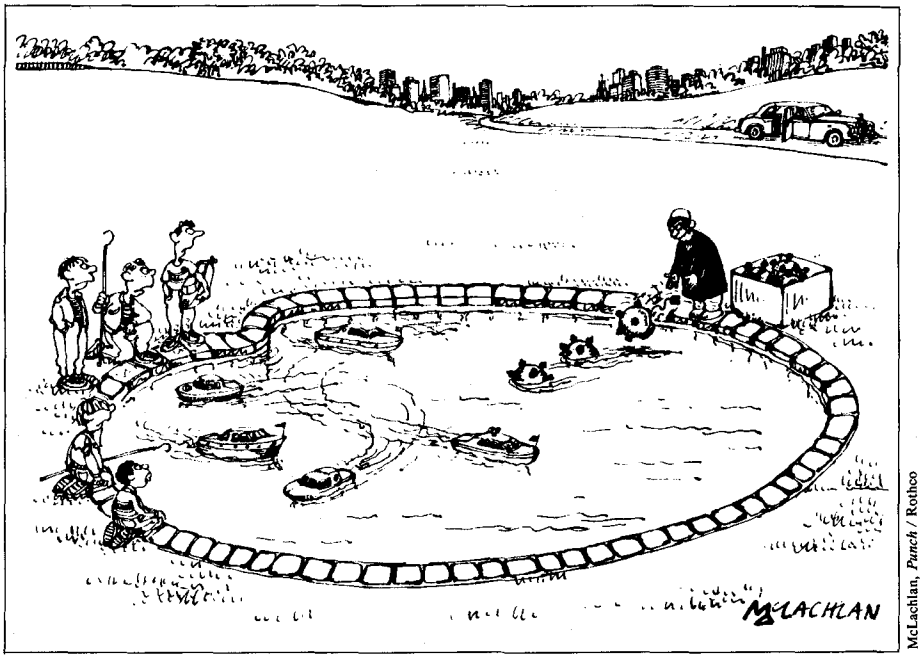
Under Thatcher, England, which was a socialist pioneer after World War II, certainly appears to be leading the way out of socialism and all of its assumptions. The Thatcher revolution rolls on, and, yes, on into the twenty-first century.

Farewell, and Hail

THE TALK HAD been going on for months, in some circles for years, and for a while there it reached stock-exchange decibel levels. Jeane Kirkpatrick put an end to it a week ago, with the characteristically direct announcement that she had "firmly decided" not to enter the Republican presidential race.

She first rose to political prominence in 1979, with her *Commentary* article, "Dictatorships and Double Standards." The human-rights policy of the Carter Administration had reduced itself to wondering bemusedly whether Somoza and the Shah were cut-rate Stalins, and how best we might be rid of them. Mrs. Kirkpatrick lit the murk with a couple of clear propositions: authoritarian regimes were preferable to totalitarian (i.e., Communist) ones, because the former allowed greater freedom to begin with and ceded more and more as time passed. Liberals, however, actually preferred totalitarianism, on the grounds that it represents the "forces of history." Candidate Reagan was impressed; President Reagan named her ambassador to the United Nations.

There, for more than four years, she practiced what she preached, twisting arms, making America's case, taking no crapola from anyone. Republicans loved it; at the Dallas convention three years ago, the only speaker to get a louder, longer round of applause was Reagan himself.



McLachlan, *Punch* / Rothco

"It's that little kid from the Iranian embassy again."

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In 1985, the lifelong Democrat switched her registration to the GOP, prompting speculation that she would soon seek office, perhaps a Maryland Senate seat. Nothing came of it, which was undoubtedly a factor in last week's decision. The only Americans to win a major party presidential nomination who had never held elective office were a handful of generals and Wendell Willkie. A Kirkpatrick candidacy would have bucked a tough trend.

Since there is no such thing as a President for Foreign Policy, questions about her views on economic and social issues would have inevitably arisen. Here, Ambassador Kirkpatrick's tough profile blurred. The pre-emptive strike by a zealous Kemp aide, who sent a letter listing "The Best [that is, the worst] of Jeane" to the *Manchester Union Leader*, was a portent of the battle to come.

"A jerry-built campaign," wrote George Will, "would suggest a streak of unseriousness. . . . By running now, Kirkpatrick probably would diminish herself . . . a brief sparkler before subsiding to the role of just another candidate with single-digit support."

America has already gotten, and still needs, more than that from Jeane Kirkpatrick. The next President knows where he can look for a Secretary of State.

Nobel Dynamite

THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR Literature deserves to be treated with intellectual reserve, much as a sermon by the Borgia pope Alexander VI would be. Something *else* usually seems to be going on. Many great writers so treat it. Yeats's first reaction was to ask, How much *cash* would be coming to him? Sartre declined it, appropriately, given the man-alone radical-bohemian perspective from which he wrote his novels, plays, and philosophy. Hemingway, ill, declined to travel to Stockholm, sending, to be sure, a terse, even truculent, acceptance message. No one knows what the literary standards of the committee are, or even if it has any. A widespread suspicion exists that it has none.

Pearl Buck, Sinclair Lewis, and John Steinbeck won, and all are fading in reputation, or indeed have faded altogether. Fitzgerald did not get it, neither did Frost; the former has been growing in esteem and the latter has immense stature. Indeed, there has been a growing crisis as regards the Nobel among people who take literature seriously. Last year, a Nigerian poet named Wole Soyinka won. Who? Why? In 1984 an 83-year-old Czech poet named Jaroslav Seifert won. Who? Why? Reporters, desperate, wake up academic experts at Columbia, Yale, and Harvard in the middle of the night, and the professors are embarrassed to have to say *Who*? Can you spell that please? (And did Bertrand Russell really deserve the Prize for *literature?*)

A Most Unpleasant Thought

While Jesse Jackson perks along,
  No Democrat presumes
To sniff around his stamping ground
  As Super Tuesday looms.
Perhaps—and it's so bleak a thought,
  It makes the dwarfs quite ill—
Despite the winks and whispered links,
  There are no beans to spill.

W. H. VON DREELE

But this year, amid accumulating doubts, the Nobel Prize Committee lucked out. At 47, though his production to date is slim, Joseph Brodsky is a formidable poet. He writes with the classical concreteness that survives translation: Homer and Dante do, Keats and Goethe do not. Though he is also a modernist, he is accessible, and in English as well as Russian; indeed, he himself is frequently his own translator.

Perhaps you acquire a sense of concreteness near the Arctic circle, where Brodsky served a stiff sentence as a political "parasite." Perhaps he had it all along. Congratulations. He is an American citizen now, teaching part-time at Mt. Holyoke College. There are indications that he may be able to visit the USSR under *glasnost*, and see his twenty-year-old son for the first time since the boy was a child. That would make a haiku.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I received a letter addressed to me, an "intelligent American," requesting that I subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. Naturally, being an intelligent American, I have had an *NR* subscription for several years.

I believe it is your patriotic duty to re-direct your efforts to the unintelligent Americans, i.e., congressmen. For the sake of freedom in Central America and elsewhere, Congress needs your assistance.

However, I must warn that you risk breaking the law. Aid to Congress from intelligent sources violates the much-respected Bonehead Amendment.

Sincerely,
Steve Adamek
San Diego, Calif.

P.S.: All that is necessary for the triumph of ignorance is for Congress to do something.

Dear Mr. Adamek: Any time you want, you can

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join the staff of Intelligent Americans at *NR*. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My quasi-liberal wife asked me the other day if it would be financially possible for her to send twenty or so dollars each month to help the people at St. Jude's Children's Hospital. I pounced on the opportunity by responding, Yes, if a) I could send a contribution to *my* cause, which is b) the William J. Casey Memorial Fund for the Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters.

I had her over the barrel. She knew that she had put the thought in my mind by bringing up the subject and that, very likely, I'd go ahead and help the Contras regardless of her submission to my proposal. If, however, she acquiesced, she'd be in effect endorsing the Contras, or at least placing the same importance on stopping Communist aggression as on helping sick children. (Causes which I feel are of equal import. If we don't stop the spread of Communism, we won't have the choice of helping sick children. But the liberal cannot see such things with clarity.)

We are sending money to both causes.

W. T. Hennessy
North Charleston, S.C.

Dear Mr. Hennessy: Vivan M/M Hennessy! Un abrazo, Adolfo Calero. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

Glad to see you took my advice on getting a better picture [in our paper]. This looks much better.

Now, let me give you another piece of advice:

Carry a package of Tums in your pocket.

It is great for gas pains.

Take two just before you have your picture taken again.

It will eliminate that pained expression!

Regards,
Ross Sheldon
Biloxi, Miss.

Dear Mr. Sheldon: Columnists don't send out pictures for use by their subscribers. If a subscriber doesn't already have a pix, he gets one from the syndicate. The syndicates do not consult columnists. All the above is one reason for the pained expression. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

But Mr. Lang ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 23] fails to mention the address sticker's big advantage: It is peelable, often with salutary effect. For instance, on peeling mine off, Jim Wright's hair goes white! Isn't that the idea?

Cordially,
Richard M. Langworth
Contoocook, N.H.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I do not know if word has reached you, but if you walk around Fisherman's Wharf, and if you are lucky, you will probably run into him. Who? The fellow that does Buckley imitations.

Now there are lots of these, and I would not waste your time telling you about another. After all, he cannot really reproduce the gleam in the eye or the stutter in the speech. But there is one noteworthy aspect of this performance.

Ted (his stage name) usually sits with his back facing the water. On his side a placard announces the various celebrity imitations that Ted can do, for the price of fifty cents. Your name appears toward the bottom of the list. On this occasion, when I requested he try you, he immediately lowered his price to a quarter. No haggling. No bulk reductions or two-for-ones. He just did it on his own.

When I moved into San Francisco (after law school) a few months ago, I had no doubt that your views had been discounted in this city. But now I find that your persona is, too. I did not ask Ted how much a Galbraith impression costs, though a good guess is $1, nearly the price of a loaf of sourdough bread on the Wharf.

I shall keep you posted on your going rate.

Sincerely,
Abram S. Feuerstein
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Feuerstein: Obviously Ted charges so little because he cannot manage the gleam in the eye or the stutter in the speech. Next time I'm in town I'll coach him, get maybe a little royalty, no? Cordially, —**WFB**

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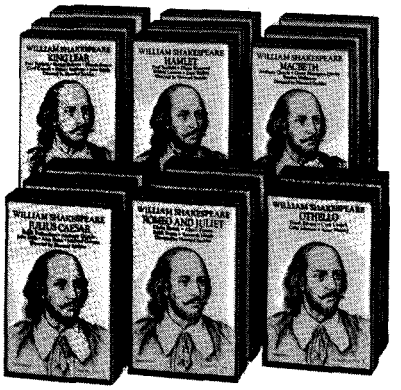

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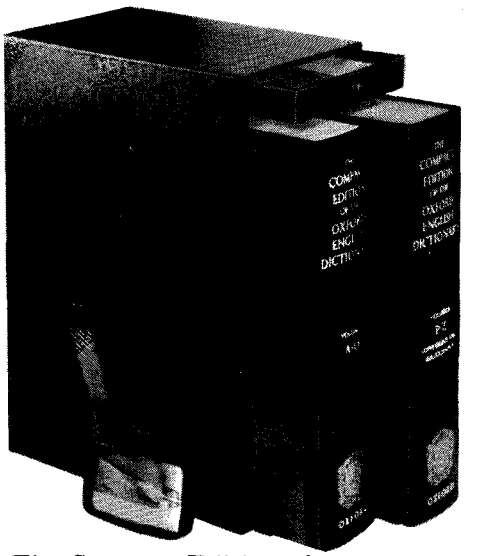

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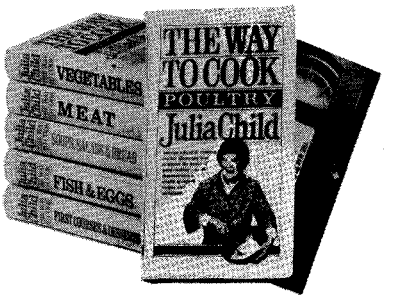

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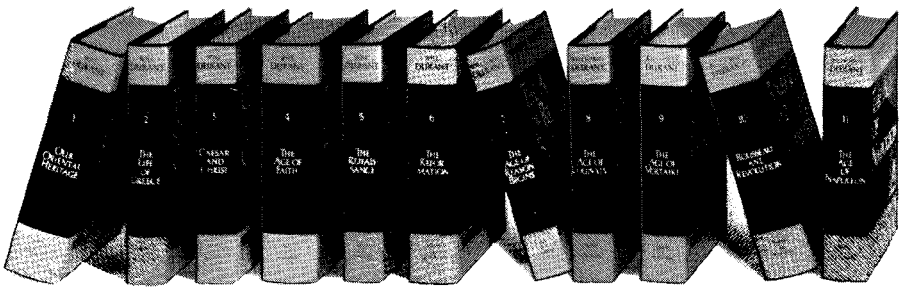

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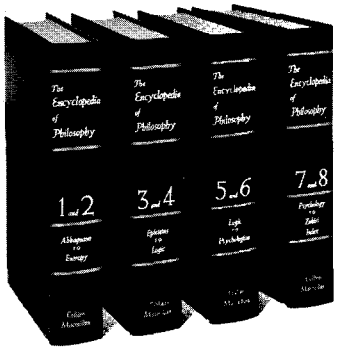

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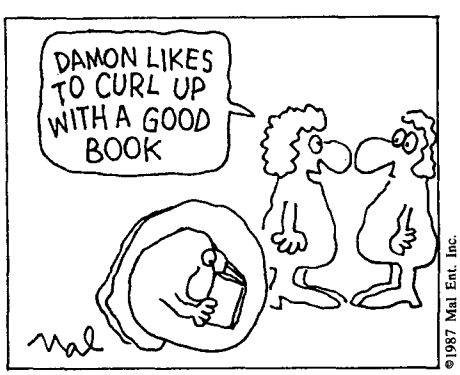
MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DIFFERENCE

NOTHING SO WELL demonstrates the truth that traveling narrows the mind as the number of visitors to antique or hostile lands who return to proclaim their discovery that the people there are just like us. To be sure, likenesses should not be denied. But neither can they support sweeping affirmations about universal rights in the family of man. The likenesses that are most believable are either animal or metaphysical. We human beings are much alike in terms of animal needs, and we are all—or so most of us think—children of God. But such equalities are in the one case so basic and in the other so elevated as to have little bearing on the way we decide how to order our relations with one another.

Difference, not equality, is both the spice of life and the stuff of political morality. Nobody prizes his equality, except the person who has previously been deprived and views equality as a transitional point on the way to becoming different in a way he thinks superior. What makes life precious is difference, not equality; particularity, not universality. We do not identify ourselves as human beings first, but as sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, tribesmen and neighbors, Christians and Jews, brokers and writers, and supporters of the Giants football team. We thus feel put upon by the general rules of the political order because we are none of us people-in-general.

This is the truth explored by Michael Ignatieff (*The Needs of Strangers*) in his commentary on King Lear. It will be remembered that Goneril and Regan, the dreadful daughters, are going back on the agreement that Lear should after his abdication go about with a retinue of knights. The daughters argue that they have knights enough for his company and protection, and he therefore has no need of a retinue of his own. To which Lear responds: "O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars / Are in the poorest things superfluous. / Allow not nature more than nature needs, / Man's life is cheap as beast's." Those who would "reason the need" ignore the difference between kingly Lear and any vagrant out on the heath. To give to each according to his need, rather than according to his due, is to reduce all to the base equality of animal being. Civilization consists in the social and historical constructions of distinctions to which attention must be paid. Arthur Miller had it wrong. Attention must be paid Willy Loman, not first because "he's a human being," but because he is the myriad specifics that make him Willy Loman.

At last, out on the heath with Kent, the Fool, and the mad beggar Poor Tom, Lear descends to the final equality of basic need. Abandoning verse, he speaks the prosaic truth: "Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art." To unaccommodated man, to the thing itself, nothing is due. True, the animal is still accommodated by the claim that he is a child of God. But that only makes him equal, on a par with all who are children of God; and nobody loves or respects humanity, despite moralistic rhetoric to the contrary. That metaphysical equality may mean, as Miller says, that Willy Loman must not be treated like a dog, but that is a long way from treating him like Willy Loman. In addition, many do not accept the metaphysical claim that checks our propensity for treating people like dogs.



FOR MOST political purposes, our dignity is in our difference. This has been well understood by the masters of gulags and concentration camps. Stripping people of their social particularities—of their relationships, property, and names—they reduce them to "the thing itself." A species of liberal sentimentality asserts that the social and historical are mere accretions. Beneath such accidentals, it is said, are the "natural rights of man." But beneath the social and historical, there is nothing at all, except the theological claim to dignity—a claim that carries no weight with the godless. Our differences of family, tribe, nation, religion, achievement, and privilege are both safety and danger to a humane social order. They constitute the lines of frequent conflict, but also the lines along which can be built the institutions of protection and respect.

Such institutions are the genius of the republican form of democratic governance. To make the world safe for such democracy is to make the world safe for difference. Contra our well-intentioned travelers, a more humane society and a more peaceful world require a broadening of the mind to embrace the truth that "they" are not just like us. □

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R. GLENN MARTIN

Conservatism – with no ads!

Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.

I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.

Then I saw an ad for something called the *Conservative Chronicle,* published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.

There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.

There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the *Chicago Tribune's* Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News,* the *Denver Post's* Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.

Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself.

The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is $32 for 52 issues.

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SHOW OPENING IN NEW HAVEN

THE GAY SITUATION at Yale has been getting a good deal of national publicity, and in response to an earlier "Ivory Foxhole" I now receive a letter from a recent Yale graduate, John W. Brewer. It raises a number of questions that may usefully be addressed, and I excerpt its most pertinent passages.

That earlier "Ivory Foxhole," in Brewer's view, "says much less about homosexuality as a problem for the morals of the nation or for Yale in particular than as a problem for the conservative movement. . . . Also, . . . [homosexuality,] so widely thought of as unnatural and revolting, . . . has been a remarkably recurrent form of human behavior, and does not seem more common now than forty years ago (if Kinsey can be believed) . . . Pretty much the only thing that I, jaded though I may be with youth, found disturbing about the organized activist gay movement at Yale in my four years there was its politicization toward not only coalition liberal politics but coalition liberal ideology. What I mean by this is the tendency of 'leaders' or 'spokespersons' to announce the official gay position on faculty hiring policies, university investments in companies involved with South Africa," etc.

"The flip side of this problem is that those who oppose homosexuality on moral or philosophical grounds are not making their case. . . . We are left with a situation in which certain conservatives are unable to articulate their positions at a level more sophisticated than unarticulated moral loathing . . .

"Finally what is it that Professor Hart wants? A return to *in loco parentis*? The Ivy League adopting wholesale the regulations of Brigham Young? A halt to the practice of distributing condoms to avoid offending his sensibilities . . . ?"

These issues, articulately put, deserve to be addressed. In the first place, it is entirely correct to treat individual homosexuals with the respect due their virtues, which do not include their homosexuality. Mr. Brewer asks for, among other things, the "case" against homosexuality. The idea that such a case or cases must be made once again, having been made for millennia, strikes me as Candideism on the part of Mr. Brewer; though, in his defense, the cases have doubtless been submerged in his milieu.

Despite prevailing attitudes at Yale, there is a *consensus gentium* against homosexuality, extending over millennia and transcending cultural differences. Yes, there was Sparta. But that was a drop in the bucket beside the overwhelming consensus.

It is not hard to discern the roots of the consensus. Virtually every society has seen the family as the best institution for raising children and transmitting the cultural heritage, and the family, accordingly, has been rewarded with all sorts of status. Alternatives to the family have, to say the least, been accorded much less esteem. And there are moral, religious, psychoanalytical, philosophical, aesthetic, and other arguments against homosexuality—not to mention the urgent argument, now, from public health.

The attitudes of our elite colleges are another matter altogether, and if present trends continue the Yale bulldog should no doubt be equipped with a chastity belt. I foresee a Brunetto Latini Chair of Gay Studies.

What places like Yale deeply desire to do is make the various out-groups central, and make what is central marginal. The leftist coalition Mr. Brewer describes *of course* includes gay militants: they, like the other members of that coalition, are enemies of the present moral and social consensus, not to mention the permanent norms of human behavior. And conservatism, centrally, is *about* norms.

No one is asking Yale to police private sexual behavior; but Yale is not only permitting, it is encouraging and funding an unacceptable degree of cultural aggression on the part of homosexuals. I note that condoms are available at any drugstore or even supermarket, and that there's no need for Yale to get into the act.

The conservative movement may have problems, but this matter is not one of them.

THE YALE STORY has become an ongoing saga. President Benno Schmidt dispatched a letter to Yale alumni, attacking the original *Wall Street Journal* article and denying that Yale is anything like 25 per cent gay. This letter brought the resignation of an Acting Instructor who called Schmidt a homophobe and an "embarrassment," and it brought an attack from a *Wall Street Journal* editor who a) defended the original article and b) said that Schmidt's letter was "a blatant example of homophobia." Other gays asked what would be wrong with a Yale that was 70 per cent gay. Yale's new president has a mess on his hands, but the mess is no worse, probably, than at any of dozens of other liberalized schools, and it is not going to go away until someone begins to notice the accumulated experience of the human race: good, old, traditional heterosexuality. □

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For many years now, readers have been begging us to find them copies of this famous book; many had every *other* Buckley book and wanted to complete their collection; others had heard about it and wanted their own copy. Alas, there was nothing we could do—*Up from Liberalism* was just plain out of print. Now it's back, in a handsome new edition.

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And right in the middle of this big book (pp. 101-116) you'll discover one of the greatest gems ever: the story of Paul Hughes, the fabulous confidence man who took many of the nation's most prominent (and *pious*) liberals for thousands of dollars by feeding them incredible stories about Senator Joe McCarthy (the story was *spiked* by the "major media," of course, so you'll find it here *only*—and what hilarious reading it makes!).

If you remember all the controversies and personalities of the late '50s, here's the best one-book refresher course you can find anywhere. If you're too young to have lived through it all, there's no better book to illuminate it all for you. In short, *Up from Liberalism* is a book every conservative will want to own.

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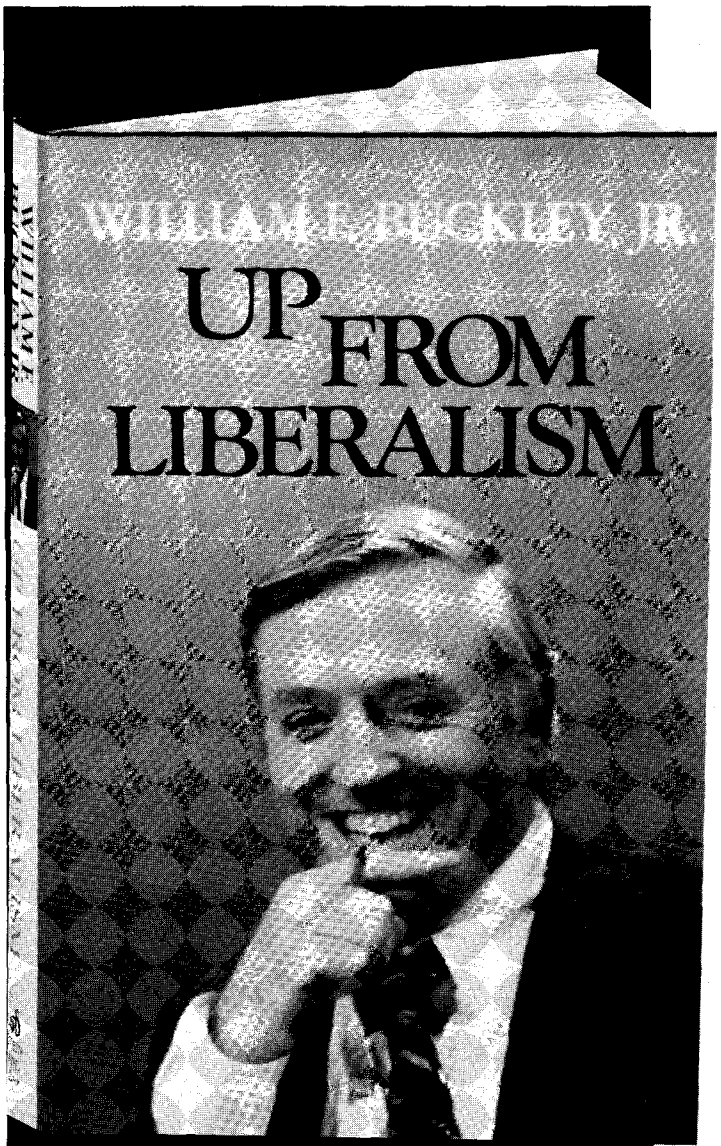

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ABROAD

WARSAW *The Specter of Reform*

Like many other Eastern Bloc countries, Poland is plagued by hidebound Communist bureaucrats intent on preserving their own power and privilege against the tide of progress and reform. Now strongman General Wojciech Jaruzelski has decreed what amounts to a wholesale housecleaning, to be announced officially at a Central Committee plenum in late November. His proposals will be backed up by a referendum that will ask for approval of a severe reduction of the number of government ministries. Jaruzelski is said to have strong support for his reforms from Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. The general has also appealed to thousands of former Communist Party members who left the Party after the declaration of martial law at the height of the Solidarity crisis. "Come back, your place is in the ranks," he said in a televised speech, adding that it was not true that martial law had had a damaging effect on the country. In fact, however, Poland today is in more economic trouble than ever before. Its export figures are below those for imports, it has a smaller share of world trade (0.6 per cent) than any other European country except Albania, and its foreign debt hovers around $38 billion.

ROME *There's No Business like . . .*

Cicciolina, alias Ilone Staller, a striptease artist who won a place in the Chamber Deputies campaigning topless in the last Italian elections, has had a shock. Being a deputy is bad for business. Since her election as a representative of the Radical Party, Cicciolina has endured the cancellation or postponement of her usual bookings in provincial nightclubs and theaters. The reason: stripteasing and fame don't mix. Her political triumph has boomeranged, even though outside Italy—in Spain and France, for example—she has been lionized on television. One commentator observed in the press that "If her fans wanted to make a porno star into a deputy, the nature of Italy nevertheless prevents a deputy from being a porno star." To which her spokesman, acknowledging that the publicity of her election had badly hurt her trade, added: "Italy is the country of abusiveness and of clandestinity."

BONN *Dangers of Smoking*

Officials of the health ministry here are studying a drastic plan to intensify anti-smoking pressure in West Germany. As of now, 11.7 million men and 8 million women here are regular smokers; the goal is to reduce this number by more than half. New measures would ban smoking in all public buildings; remove half a million cigarette vending machines from public access; increase tobacco taxes substantially; and further restrict cigarette advertising. Other goals include banning smoking in rooms used by both smokers and non-smokers in private houses, and threatening parents with state intervention to protect children from so called passive smoking. This may run against provisions in the Basic Law, the Federal Republic's constitution, that guarantee individual freedom. The framers of the proposals say, however, that the rights of non-smokers take precedence. Cancer deaths attributed to smoking in West Germany are currently comparable to those in other Western European countries.

AMSTERDAM *Multi-Ethnic*

The Netherlands has become a European center of immigration, and a record number of forty thousand foreigners will seek residence there in 1987—despite the fact that the frontiers are officially closed. This anomaly is explained largely by the circumstance that most of these people are being reunited, according to a long-established plan, with their Turkish, Moroccan, Surinamese, and other relatives who are already Dutch residents. One Dutch population specialist says that the Netherlands will from now on be a "multi-ethnic" society. Of the 14.5 million people in the country, 4 per cent are of foreign origin; the figure for Amsterdam is as high as 13 per cent.

MAURITIUS *A Rare Thing*

Tropical islands have long been classic examples of environmental abuse, because they easily fall victim to the introduction of alien fauna, notably rats, goats, and rabbits, by passing ships. Little 350-acre Round Island, off the northeast coast of Mauritius in the South Indian Ocean, has been rescued from this fate and is becoming once again that rare thing, a tropical island with native fauna and flora only. Rabbits and goats were painstakingly removed from Round Island over the last few years, and it is one of the few such places that never knew the degrading influence of rats. Right now, Round Island is able to support the last remaining example of the Mauritius palm savannah, now extinct on the far bigger island of Mauritius itself. It is also a haven for eight species of native reptile, including boa snakes that are found nowhere else. It is an important breeding ground for four seabirds, including the extremely rare Round Island petrel. All told, Round Island harbors more threatened plant and animal forms than any comparable space on the face of the globe.

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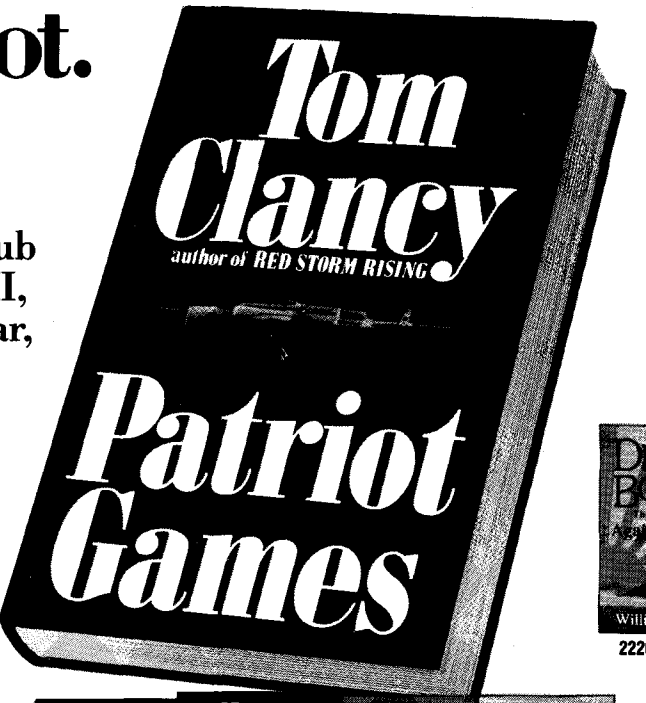

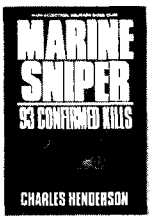

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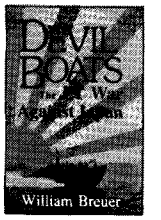

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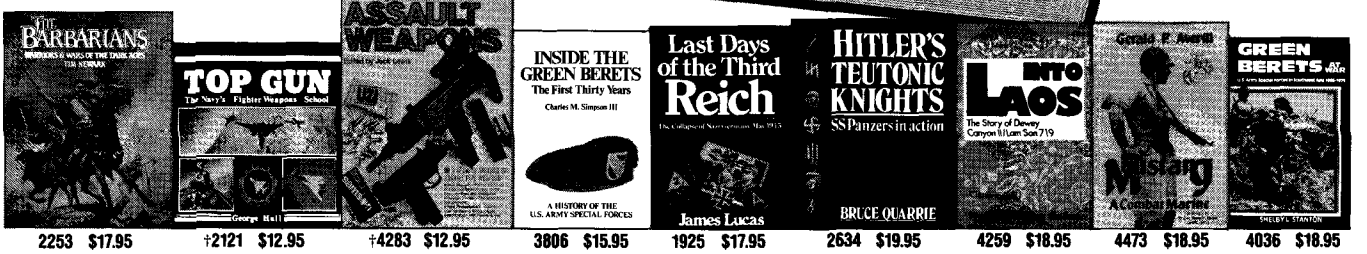

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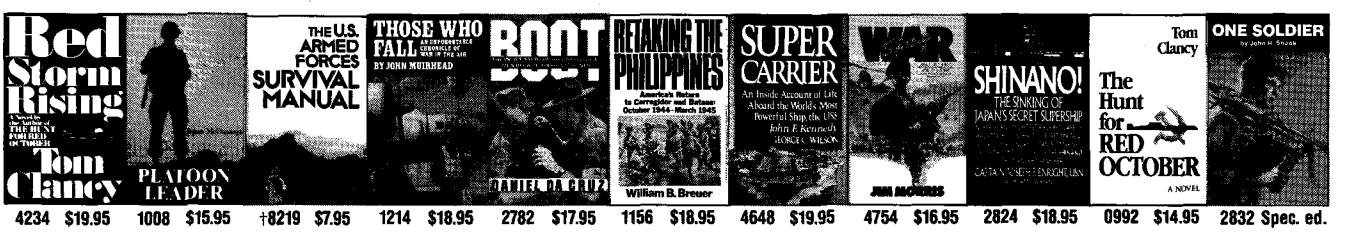

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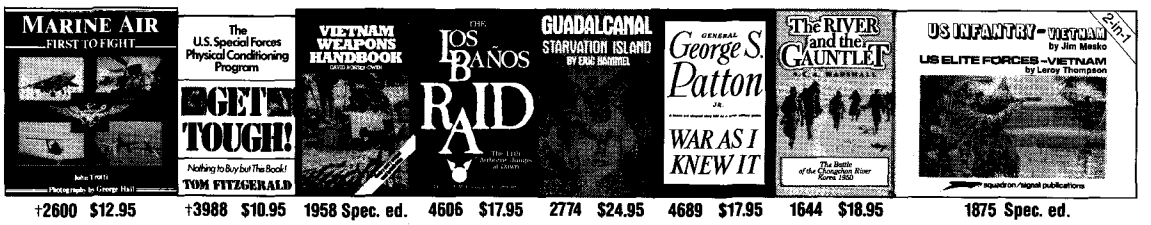

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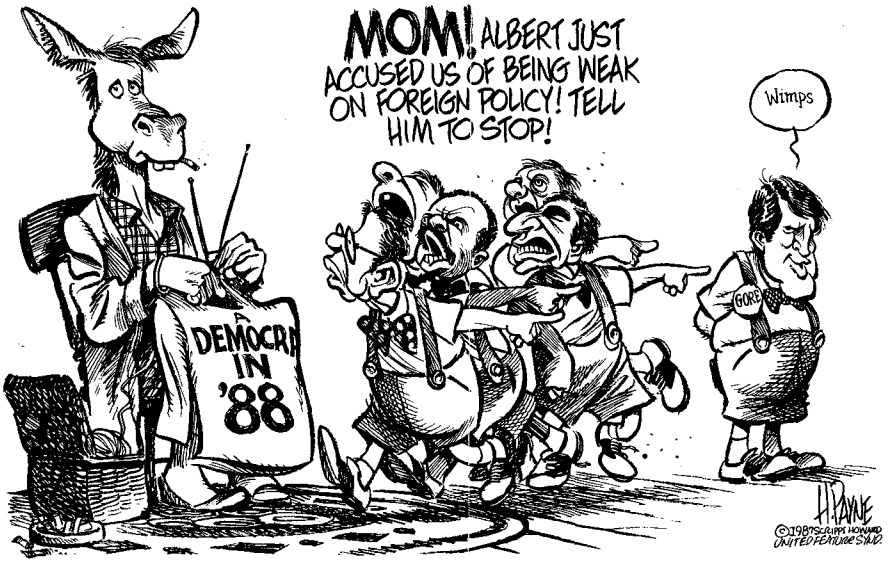
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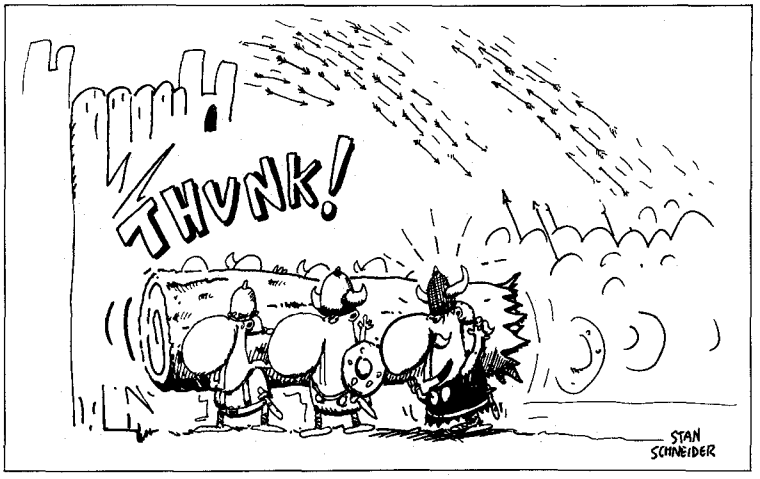
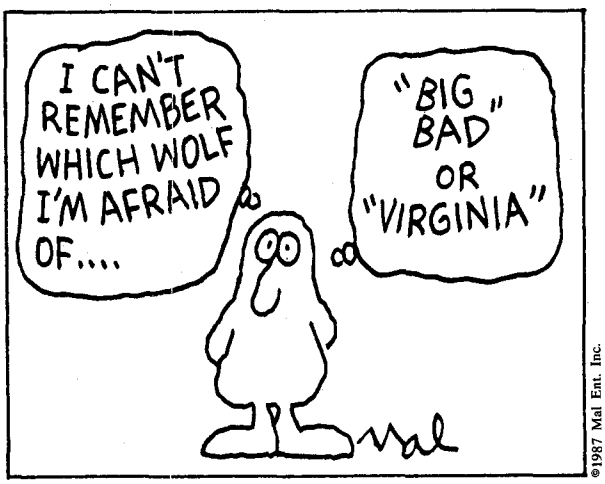


"Victory party at my pad—pass it on!"

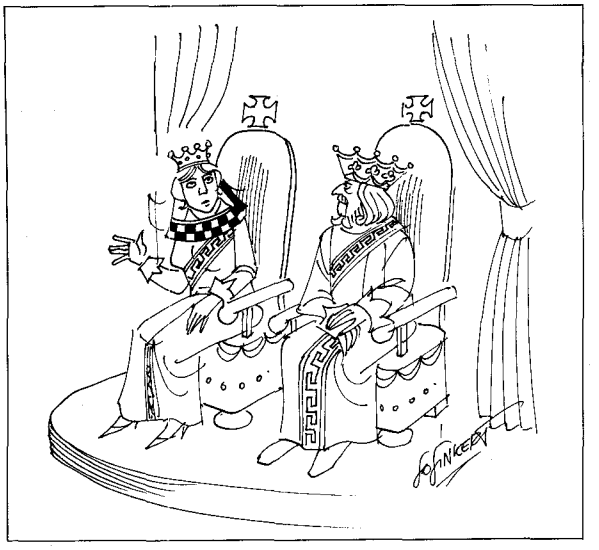


Glorobots

Bragged a robot of arrogant tongue,
"I came fully formed, as if sprung
From the head of a Zeus—
Just turn on the juice,
And I think like Minerva when young!"

An ardent robotical swain
Was frequently heard to complain
That all his amours—
Unlike mine or yours—
Were sacred, and never profane.

GLORIA A. MAXSON



"Why yes, I gave them our passport photos. How was I to know they were playing-card manufacturers?"

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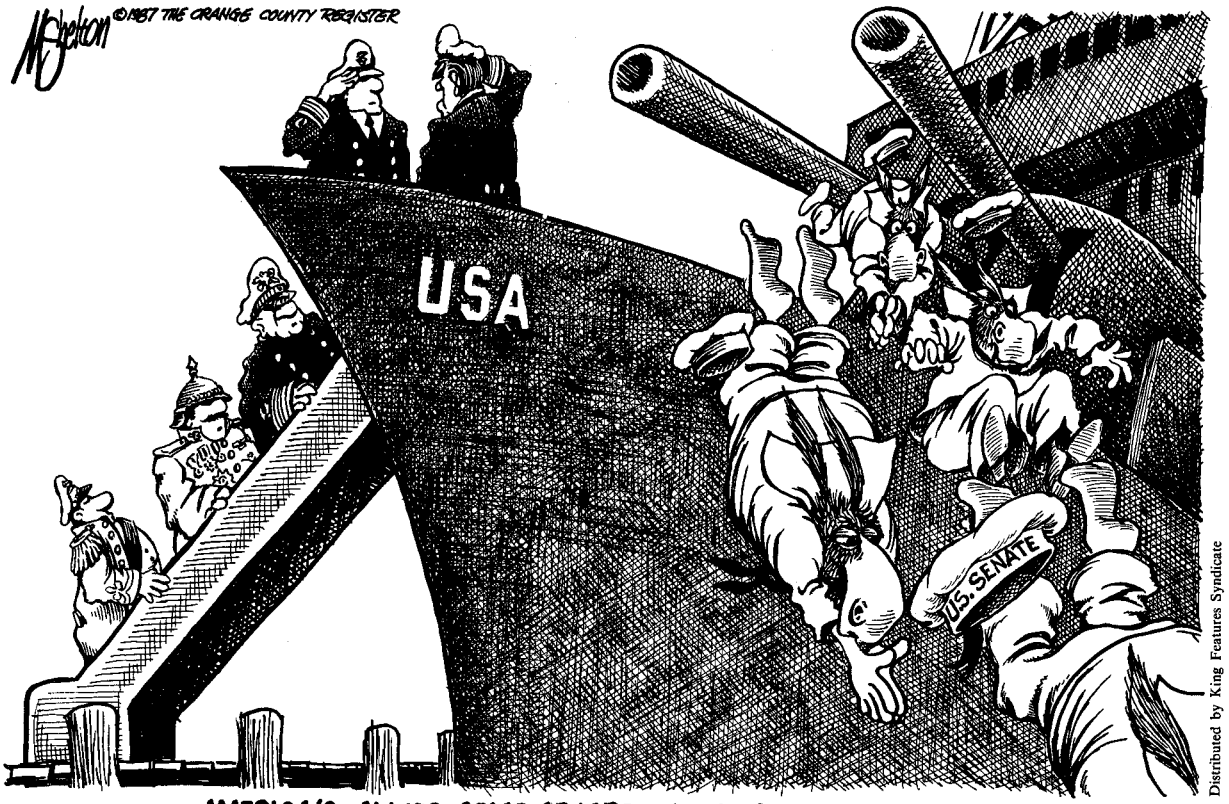

AMERICA'S ALLIES COME ABOARD IN THE PERSIAN GULF

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FOR WANT OF A NAIL

In the end-game of the Bork nomination fight, Senator George Mitchell gave the Democratic explanation of Bork's failure. "Judge Bork will not be confirmed for one simple reason. The American people agree with the Supreme Court. They don't agree with Judge Bork."

Rubbish. Bork was not confirmed because the American people heard only two messages. Senate liberals said Bork favored sterilization and Jim Crow, and that he opposed contraception, civil rights for women, and free speech. The White House said Bork was a distinguished egghead. When it is framed this way, Bork loses.

Ronald Reagan's great strength has been his ability to set the terms of the debate. But in the tussle over Bork, the Reagan magic was nowhere in evidence. The failure to win confirmation for Bork proves one great and obvious law of politics: when only one side fights, it wins. That failure also points to serious weaknesses, not only in the Reagan Administration, but in the conservative movement.

Of course, hindsight is 20-20: "The attack on Bork was vicious and unprecedented," says Randy Rader, Senator Hatch's aide on the Judiciary Committee. "The White House relied on rules that were in place for a hundred years."

Afraid of Our Issues

The Office of Legislative Affairs, headed by a Howard Baker ally, William Ball, was the coordinator of the pro-Bork effort. Its strategy was to stress Bork's credentials and downplay politics. Administration officials passed the word that conservatives shouldn't emphasize right-wing issues like crime, abortion, and racial quotas, while well-intentioned columnists like George Will warned that Bork's conservative supporters might sink him. "It was a typical liberal Republican thing to do," remarked one former Reagan Justice Department official. "We can't talk about our issues because we're afraid of our issues. The White House said don't explain that 'privacy' is a code word for abortion —so, great, we got contraception instead." "They're congenital compromisers," says Dan Casey of the American Conservative Union, speaking of Baker's White House staff. "They didn't realize in this kind of battle you can't compromise. You either win or lose; you don't slice the salami on a Supreme Court nomination."

BUT BEFORE WE BURN THE HERETIC, LET US BOW OUR HEADS AND GIVE THANKS FOR THIS VICTORY OVER THE FORCES OF EXTREMISM!...
BORK
FOUND GUILTY OF PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT
SENATE
GAS
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The Left, as we now know, was not so easy-going. Joseph Biden delayed the Judiciary Committee hearings an unprecedented 76 days (a delay that Ted Kennedy now admits was scheduled solely to aid an anti-Bork media campaign). Paid media time was reinforced by an adroit use of "free" media. An anti-Bork TV commercial featuring Gregory Peck, for example, received its widest airing when networks covered it as news. A sympathetic press considered it news when the ACLU for the first time in its history came out against a nominee, but not when the National Law Enforcement Council, breaking with precedent, endorsed Bork. Then came the polls: "First there'd be a negative media blitz," says Pat McGuigan, legal-affairs analyst for Coalition for America and co-editor of *The Judges War*. "Then right after that, pollsters would go into the state. I've no evidence, but it sure looked coordinated." A widely publicized Harris poll, showing 57 per cent of the American people opposed to Bork, used shamelessly slanted questions to produce negative results.

Behind the scenes, organized labor threw its weight against Bork. "A key event happened in August," Dan Casey told me. "That's when I noticed the unions kicking into this thing. The AFL-CIO just quietly let senators know, 'This one counts to us.' "

Bork was not without his defenders. Grassroots conservative organizations conducted mailings to flood the Senate with pro-Bork mail. By and large, they succeeded. "The liberals were outdone in ninety of one hundred Senate offices," says Pat McGuigan. "We delivered the grassroots to the in-box of the U.S. Senate. But it wasn't enough." Grassroots letter campaigns only work if senators fear that roused passions

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A Strong Company For A Strong Country

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will translate into negative votes in the next election. "Conservatives haven't hung any scalps on the wall since 1980," says Dan Casey. "We don't have the clout we used to."

Also, though movement organizations delivered the mail, they provided no real media clout. Part of the difference came down to dollars; the anti-Bork forces had more. We the People, a California group run by Bill Roberts (a former Reagan campaign manager in California), was the designated hitter for the pro-Bork media campaign. "Whenever we talked to White House officials about coming up with the money for advertising," says one prominent conservative who was active in the Bork fight, "they always said, 'Oh, we can't talk about that—but contact We the People'—nudge, nudge, wink. We understood they had the White House's tacit blessing."

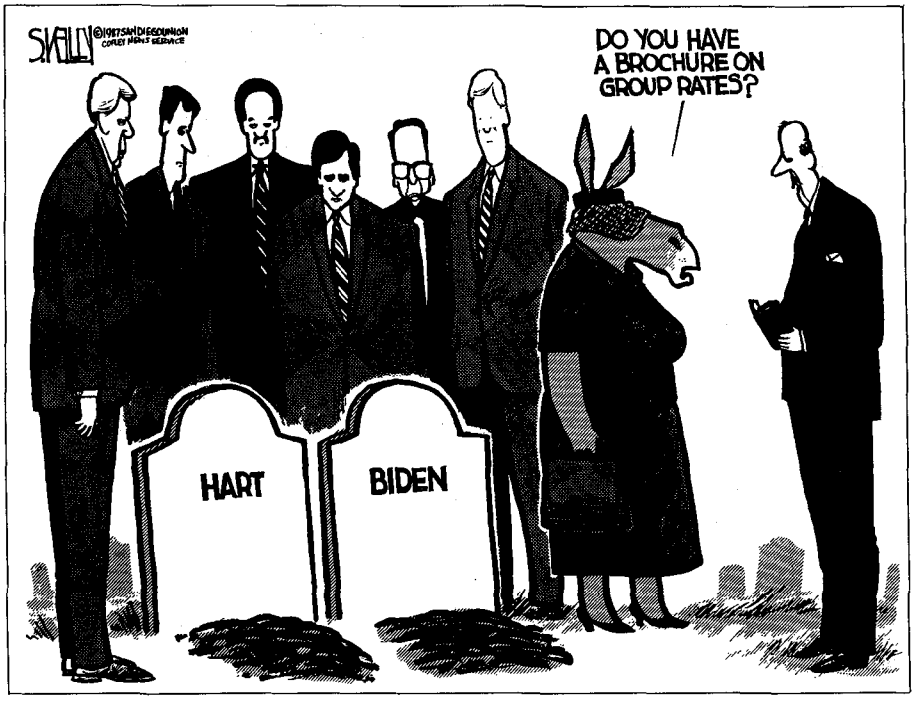
As a fundraising vehicle, We the People proved disappointing. Roberts told the press the group would raise at least $2 million. But as of mid-October, it had taken in only "a couple of hundred thousand," according to Fred S. Karger, Executive Vice President of the Dolphin Group, the political consulting firm that handled We the People's media campaign.

Nor was the money deployed intelligently. The Senate's Southern Democrats were the key to the fight. But the Dolphin Group is a professional political consulting firm that specializes in doing statewide-proposition work. So where did We the People place its first two ads? Massachusetts and Oregon, neither of them key states for Bork, but both states in which there are many potential clients for a firm with the Dolphin Group's expertise.

"We kept Hatfield . . . that was a surprise," said Karger when asked about the efficacy of his organization's ad strategy, though no one I spoke with thought a media campaign was necessary to keep Hatfield (who is Republican and pro-life) in the fold. Karger says the group had planned to place ads in Florida and Alabama, but when money ran low, it put three full-page ads in *USA Today* instead. Assuming We the People paid normal advertising rates, running these ads cost $57,777.44. With $12,000, they could have bought a pro-Bork ad in Alabama's two largest cities. Alabama is the home of Senator Howell Heflin, whose vote against Bork probably sealed the judge's fate.

For the Bork campaign to win, Pat McGuigan says, all GOP resources would have had to be engaged, including the President, the Senate GOP, the Republican establishment, and corporate America. That never happened. During the long Judiciary Committee delay, while the Indians danced on the warpath, Ronald Reagan stayed home at the ranch, assured by his advisors that Baker could schmooze the Bork nomination past his Senate cronies.

During the recess, the White House released a briefing book to answer charges that Bork was a conservative activist, emphasizing that Judge Bork's conservative jurisprudence was neutral as to results. The media played it as an attempt to make Bork appear "moderate," not quite the same as "principled" or even "mainstream"—both of which his court record show him to be. But you can't micromanage fine points when you're working with a hostile press. Once the issue became moderation, the Administration was doomed to the defensive.



Constitutional Illiterates

IN PART, the White House was banking on Robert Bork himself. Many of Bork's supporters (including me) expected he would "Ollie North" the Judiciary Committee into submission. In a way, we were right. "He was a magnificent defender of legal principles, and they respected him for it," says Randy Rader, who attended the hearings. "If they had voted the moment he left the podium, he'd have gotten at least eight or nine votes." But while Bork patiently explained to the senators the importance of the rule of law, liberal groups made sure the senators understood the importance of voting right. The anti-Bork coalition had almost a dozen lobbyists working the committee during the hearings, conferring with senators and their staff, repackaging Bork's remarks for the press. "I can't tell you how many times I saw [civil-rights activist] Ralph Neas huddling with Joe Biden," says one Administration strategist.

Senators ended up ignoring Bork's responses, and proceeding according to script. At one point during the testimony, Bork explained his attack on the legal reasoning behind *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*—the contraceptives case in which a constitutional right to privacy was first discovered. The trouble with that right, said Bork, is that it has no boundaries. Every law infringes on some citizen's right "to be let alone," or else there'd be no reason to pass the law. Thus the so-called "right to privacy" can supersede any law or none, giving judges carte blanche to interfere in the political process whenever they like. But since laws protect citizens' rights as often as they invade them, giving the Court a blanket excuse to strike laws down is dangerous, as the Court itself demonstrated eight years later when, in *Roe* v. *Wade*, it

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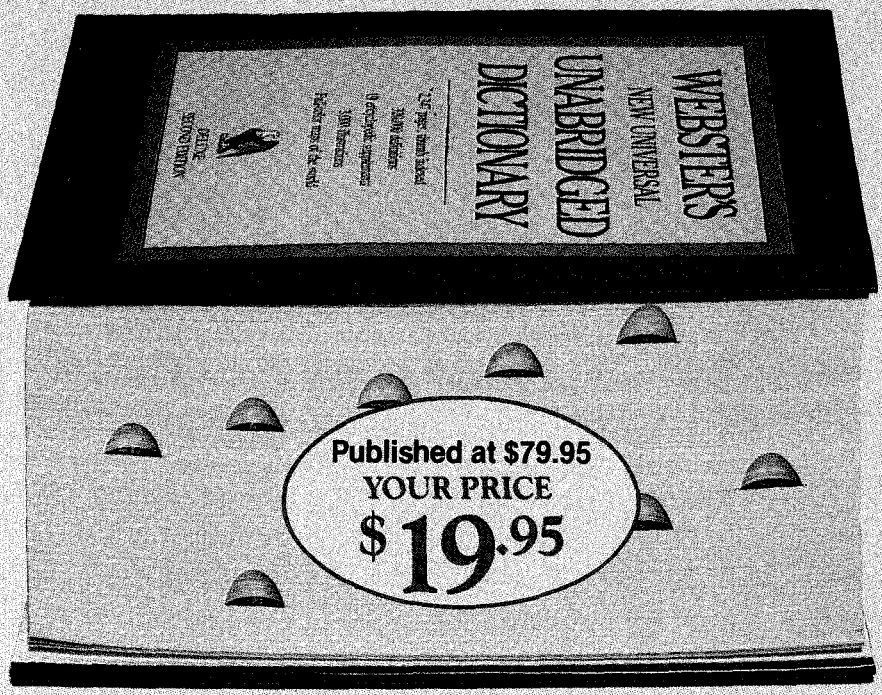

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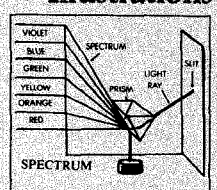

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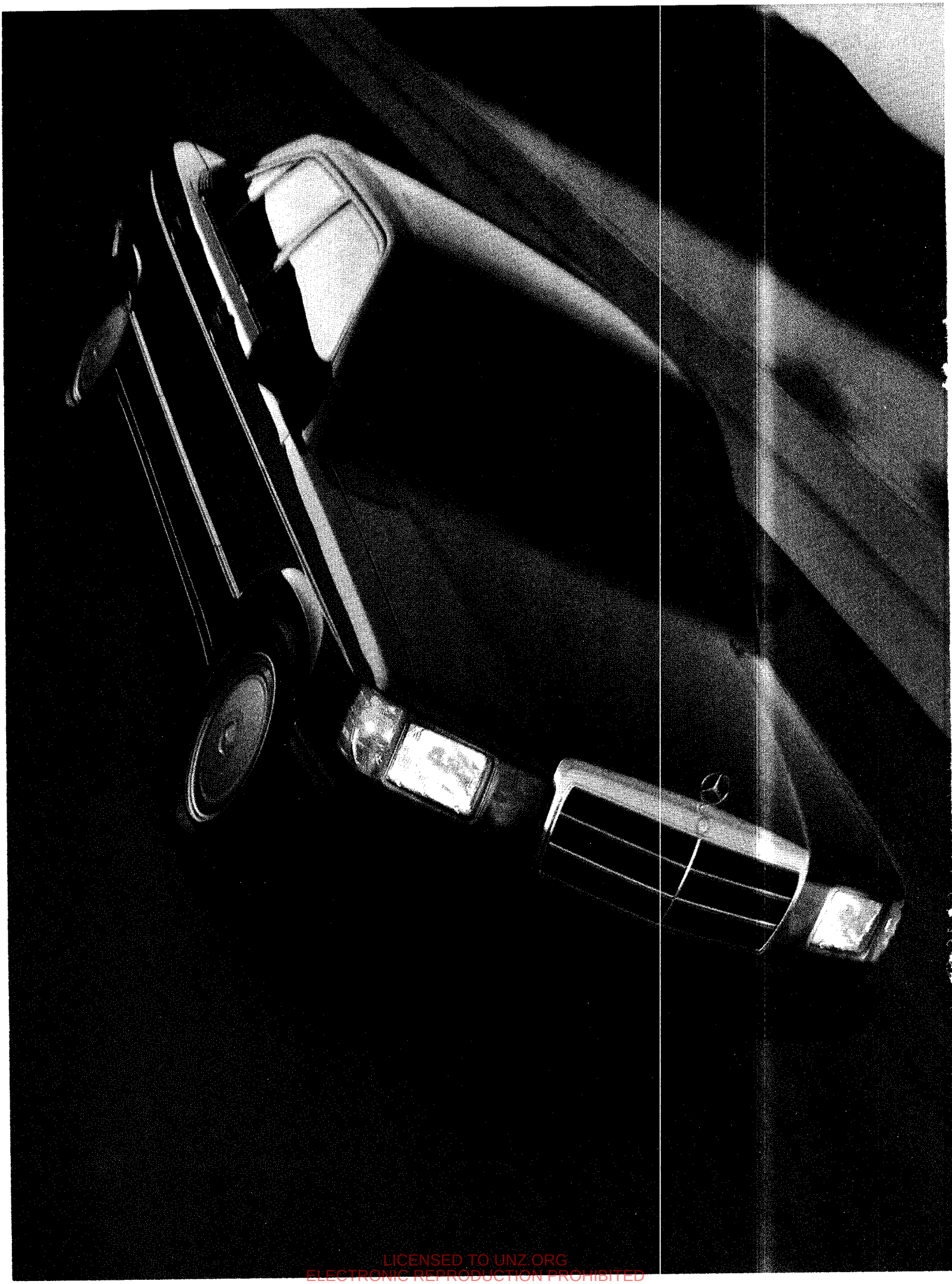

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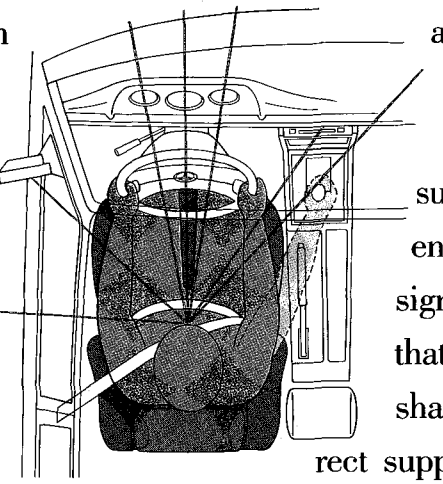
THE MERCEDES-BENZ 190 CLASS: THE DELIGHTFUL PARADOX OF BEING IN A RUSH AND WANTING IT NEVER TO END.

You have no reason to hurry, other than to see how a sedan built for triple-digit Autobahn velocities, and equipped with what Britain's *Car* magazine terms "the most sophisticated steel suspension ever put into volume production," might elevate the experience of driving.



So you lean on the throttle a bit. The speedometer needle darts upward. The scenery begins to blur. But all other familiar sensations of speed have been transformed.

Engine and wind noise are reduced to what one automotive writer described as "a hushed *whoosh*." In place of juddering tires comes an unflustered negotiation of the road's flaws. The car does not lurch through turns but shifts direction crisply, smoothly. Missing are the chassis squeaks that you expect as a matter of course. That anxious sense of being on the edge has given way to a calm, purposeful sense of control.

The effect is liberating; you do not grapple with a 190 Class sedan but confidently direct it. Because Mercedes-Benz engineers grappled in advance with thousands of design details, aiming to achieve consummate driving efficiency – a state wherein automobile and driver interact to maximum effect, with a minimum of wasted energy and motion.

The feelings of pleasure and deep satisfaction that ensue are intensified by other signs of scrupulousness. By seats that are not styled but built and shaped for biomechanically correct support. By controls that provide an object lesson in ergonomic intelligence. By craftsmanship that led *Car and Driver* to ask, "How is it that Benzes fit together better than anything else in the world?" By the reassuring presence of the Mercedes-Benz Supplemental Restraint System (SRS), with its driver's-side air bag and knee bolster and front seat belt emergency tensioning retractors, primed to deploy within milliseconds of a major frontal impact.

The only perplexity is how, at this quickened pace, to make the trip last just a little longer.

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used privacy to deprive an entire class of people of the protection of the law.

Bork's explanation was learned and sober and totally wasted. Each time Bork elaborated his views on *Griswold*, Biden stubbornly repeated that Bork seemed to believe that "the economic gratification of a utility company" was worth "as much protection as the sexual gratification of a married couple." Perhaps Biden was genuinely stumped. "You have to realize Bork was talking to constitutional illiterates," one frustrated GOP Senate staffer confided to me. "Sometimes I have a hard time explaining to them that the Preamble goes at the beginning."

Gloves Off

THE *Washington Post*, thanks largely to Meg Greenfield's efforts, took a measured approach to the Bork nomination, in contrast to the prevailing hysteria. In the end, however, the *Post* came out against the nomination, praising Bork's intellectual courage but ultimately opposing him on the grounds that judges "*must* apply values, because they are confronted daily with the need to make value judgments at points where the written law provides no absolute guide." Certainly. The question, which the *Post* resolutely avoided answering, is: Whose values? For Bork there is only one possible answer if we are to retain a government of laws and not men: the values of the Framers.

Contemporary liberal jurists, of whom Justice Brennan is the archetype, in effect despair of interpretation, claiming, inexplicably to anyone who has ever read the text, that the Constitution consists of lofty generalities that express "our ambitions." In their view, a judge's job is much like a dowser's: to find values "firmly rooted in the American tradition," or, even more ominously, to determine "the true line of historical progress," and rule accordingly. What Bork's detractors fail to admit is that the ongoing intellectual debate is no longer over how to interpret the Constitution, but whether to do so.

Meanwhile, the bloody campaign against Bork may mark a historical turning-point; few conservatives I talked to seemed disposed to forgive and forget. As McGuigan says, "Once the rules change, they change for everybody." Procedural values are maintained only if both sides feel they have a stake in them. The Democrats, having successfully politicized the process of picking Supreme Court judges, will continue to do so until they are made to pay a price—either at the ballot box, or when the next nominee picked by a Democrat comes before the Senate for confirmation. Of course, one reason the Democrats have abandoned principle so gleefully may be that they don't expect to see a Democratic President face a GOP Senate anytime soon. Time, perhaps, to hang a few scalps on the wall. □

Jaws XIV—A Shark-Eating Man

THAT RECORD-BREAKING great white shark caught off the coast of Montauk, New York, a while back could have been a friend of Elmer, a great white shark with an even greater heart, if *Jaws XIV* was being filmed.

In the film, though, he wouldn't have been caught by fishermen. He would have been killed by a shark-eating man.

It is not generally known that, after the phenomenal success of *Jaws* several years ago, the National Association of Beach Resort Owners were worried to death when they heard that *Jaws II* was being made.

"We were just getting a few brave souls to go wading again and they do this to us," complained the association's bitter president, Henry Littlefinger, at the time. "Sure, there's a couple of bad fish in every barrel. But is that any reason to put the bum rap on every decent, friendly, fun-loving shark in the sea?"

As *Jaws III*, *IV*, *V*, and so on followed in the series, the association decided it was time to take action. So they approached Miracle Brothers ("If It's a Good Picture, It's a Miracle!") to present the other side of the picture in *Jaws XIV*—the story of a shark-eating man.

The hero, as we say, is Elmer, the great white shark with an even greater heart. As the movie opens, Elmer is worriedly following Sweetbread Monroe, a curvaceous blonde who is a knockout on water skis. He is worried she will knock herself out on the low bridge ahead. She does.

Quick as a flash, Elmer clasps her tenderly in his mighty jaws and drags her up onto the beach, where he gives her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Overnight, Elmer becomes a national tourist attraction. The little town of Great White Beach by the Beautiful Sea prospers. More sharks come to frisk and gambol in the tourist-infested waters. Then tragedy strikes!

We see a black snorkel cleaving the dark water. And suddenly there is a brief, bloody furor.

The next morning the mangled body of an innocent shark is found on the beach.

"There's a shark-eating man out there somewhere, mayor," says the police chief grimly. "You've got to issue a warning."

"What! And scare all the sharks away? This town will die without those tourist attractions."

So Elmer swims unconcernedly about, not knowing that a deadly shark-eater lurks in the area.

And so one day—crunch! Sharp, cruel teeth tear into his flesh. Wounded, hurt, and deeply offended, Elmer nevertheless puts up a gallant struggle and manages with the help of the police chief to capture the blood-crazed shark-eater—who turns out to be a berserk Hollywood producer with great black teeth.

Elmer recovers from his manbite, though, and, with his great heart, he shows no animosity toward humans and continues to frolic happily with the tourists. "Even a shark knows," the smiling police chief points out, "that one swallow does not a summer ruin."

President Littlefinger said at the time that he felt *Jaws XIV* should go a long way toward restoring a balanced outlook on beach vacations. Asked if he felt the plot was believable, he became indignant. "A hell of a lot more people eat fish," he said angrily, "than vice versa."

But apparently that reasoning wasn't enough. *Jaws XIV*, alas, was never made. —JOHN KEEFAUVER

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This poses a real problem for people who report on political issues, as many of ours do. So we decided to try to sharpen political terminology.

This meant taking a new look at the attitudes and beliefs that underlie our political language, and we called on The Gallup Organization to help.

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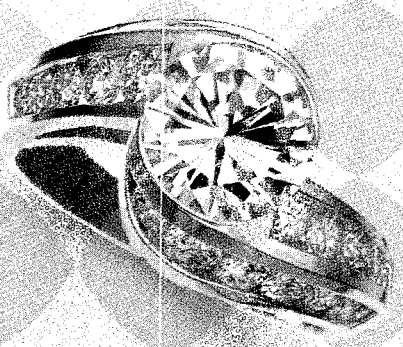

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Looking Back at BLACK MONDAY

SPEED KILLS

ANDREW REDLEAF

On Black Monday, when the Dow Jones Industrial Average plunged 508 points, I made money. Lots of money. I am a trader on the CBOE. For about a year I had been expecting a crash more dramatic than the crash of 1929. In fact I wrote almost all of what follows, predicting a crash, for National Review some months ago.

Unfortunately, because the reasons for the crash were built into the very structure of modern financial markets, it was impossible to predict very far in advance exactly when the crash would come. What was clear was that we were ripe, so I positioned myself appropriately and waited.

In hindsight it is clear that the difficulties of the Bork nomination and the apparent disintegration of Reaganism triggered the fall. When it came, as I say, I made a lot of money. After the market closed on Monday I proceeded to the office of First Options, the company that clears the accounts of the trading group I work with. First Options replied that it could not release any money until it was clear my whole group was solvent. I have not yet received a check. I am, however, somewhat comforted by the discovery that First Options is a subsidary of Continental Bank, which is in turn a subsidiary of the U.S. Government. Oh well. Easy come, easy go.

Why were we ripe for a crash? Briefly, the market was wrecked by hyper-speculation. Cynics will tell you a speculation is just an investment that didn't pan out, but they are wrong. Any investment in a financial instrument whose price is only distantly related to the underlying value of the real assets it represents is a speculation. In other words it is a bet.

As everyone has been reminding us lately, markets are moved by fear and greed. Within a normal market there is a mix of people temporarily dominated by one or the other emotion, depending largely on the nature of their investments and their investment needs. But in a highly speculative market, fear or greed can grip every participant in the market at once, precisely because prices are so tenuously related to reality.

Why does it happen sometimes and not others? Every market has a unique structure formed by the needs of the participants, the pressures of competition, government regulations, private rules, customs, and institutions. Changes in the structure of a market very often affect prices, not only the levels they reach, but also the violence with which they fluctuate. By changing the trading rules, you can construct a market that fluctuates very little, or one that experiences wild swings. In the last twenty years the rush to deregulate the securities industry has changed the structure of American equity markets in ways that have encouraged leverage and short-term speculation. These structural changes caused the boom, as greed overwhelmed fear. And they caused the panic when fear overwhelmed greed.

There have been two major changes in the structure of American stock and bond markets: the first was elimination of fixed, regulated commissions for New York Stock Exchange members; the second was a proliferation of new investment products.

Deregulation has pushed commissions for large, active traders down by more than 90 per cent from their previously regulated level. The average brokerage firm today receives only five cents per share (with some trades being done for as little as half a cent per share), compared with something in the vicinity of fifty cents per share prior to deregulation.

In order to remain profitable after deregulation, all the major firms and quite a few smaller ones began to speculate for their own accounts. The point of having a customer is no longer to charge commissions but to be able

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to bid or offer on the securities he wants to sell or buy, in effect betting that the customer is wrong. The guy who works in the back of the candy store calls this making book, except that, relative to the positions he takes, your bookie is better financed and more insulated from panics (there are only so many horses running every day) than your broker. To turn every brokerage house in the country into, essentially, a gambling parlor is obviously to increase the volatility of the system and to make its relationship to true investment ever more distant. And of course the reduction in commissions itself increased the velocity of trading. If it costs less to get in and out of a deal, short-term speculation becomes more attractive.

The second and far more profound change, which resulted from and complicated the first, was the development or popularization of new derivative products, including stock-index futures, options on individual stocks, bond futures, futures on foreign currencies, and options on various financial futures.

THE NEW products have two things in common: 1) they all encourage highly speculative short-term trading in which guesses about short-term price changes have a lot to do with market psychology and almost nothing to do with underlying value, and 2) they are all highly leveraged products, which means the investors have borrowed a high percentage—as much as 95 per cent—of the purchase price in order to pay for the product. They are products for professionals or very foolish amateurs. They were invented for an environment in which the real money for the brokerage houses is to be made by trading on their own behalf. You make a profit on these products not by knowing what the underlying companies will be worth in two years, but by knowing what the market will do in the next five hours, or five minutes.

It is hard to exaggerate how quickly and profoundly these regulatory changes have altered the structure of the market. Twenty years ago no one had heard of risk arbitrage (the practice of hedging stock prices against the prices of stock equivalents such as options or futures); today every major firm spends huge sums speculating in this area. Twenty years ago none of the option exchanges existed; today every firm employs people to trade options for the firm's account. Twenty years ago exchange rates were fixed under the Bretton Woods agreement; today most investment banks make markets in most currencies. Twenty years ago stock-index futures and bond futures did not exist; today every major firm has a department trading all these products for the firm's own account.

The new products are virtually pure bets, expressing little commitment to the underlying value of a stock. Take options. If a stock is trading at 100 today and you purchase for $5 an option to buy it at that price ninety days from now, you are making a $5 bet that in ninety days it will be selling for more than 105. If in ninety days the price is 106 (let's ignore commissions) you exercise the option, buy and sell the stock, and make $1. In practice, most traders do not wait even the ninety days, and they rarely exercise their options. Traders speculate in the options themselves, which may change hands several times in a day. Long-term prospects are irrelevant: option players are betting on the short-term mood of the market.

What is happening, obviously, is that the stock option is being used to evade the 50 per cent margin rule (you can't buy stocks on more than 50 per cent credit) established after the great crash of 1929. Margin requirements curb speculation and encourage investment in part because people are less willing to make major commitments of capital if their only prospect of profit is guessing correctly on extremely short-term results. If I am tying up significant amounts of capital in any one company I am more likely to require that the company have good long-term prospects so it can vindicate itself even if the market turns away from it temporarily. And of course positions requiring 50 per cent margin trade more slowly than those requiring 5 per cent, in itself curbing speculation.

But options are not the most speculative product. Index futures are even more radical. The "index" in index futures refers to a collection of stocks, say, the five hundred stocks that make up the Standard & Poor's index. Some people buy stocks simply because they are listed on the S&P; it's an easy way to diversify your portfolio, because the S&P is designed to reflect the performance of the market as a whole. Certain passively managed investment funds, for instance, are obligated to restrict their stock investments to "baskets" of stocks that reflect the exact composition of the S&P index.

In 1982, the S&P future was introduced. In theory, the S&P future represents the right to buy a unit of the S&P basket of stocks at a given price. In practice, index futures are never exercised; they are settled in cash. By convention, S&P futures are denominated at $500 per point. Say the index is at 300 today. If I buy an index futures contract for 304 and the index moves to 305, the source that sold it to me owes me $500.

LOOK HOW FAR we are from underlying value now. We're buying on a tiny margin, typically 5 per cent. (The exchange will generally require a futures trader to make a deposit equaling the exchange's estimate of what he could lose in a single day.) The future is tied not to one stock but to five hundred, meaning it is tied to nothing but the psychic health of the market; and even that tie is pure supposition, because index futures are always settled in cash. Welcome to the casino.

Gambling, unlike investment, is a zero-sum activity. The pot doesn't grow of its own accord; for every winner there is a loser. To understand just how much of a zero-sum game equity markets have become, contemplate the fact that on a typical day the entire open interest of stock-index futures—more than $10 billion worth—changes hands. In theory all the frenetic trading that occurs is to distribute the earnings of existing companies. And what were these earnings? In the case of the S&P 500, about $15 per share—roughly equal to the trading range on one dramatic day.

On a typical business day the dollar volume of trading in all leveraged derivative products—options and index futures—is about three times the trading volume in the equities themselves. The time horizon on most trades is less than one day; it is very probably less than one hour. I know quite a few independent traders who trade tens of millions of dollars' worth of securities every day and have never held a position overnight. And if one is trading to

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catch a price movement in the next hour, obviously the long-term value of an underlying asset simply does not matter.

Why don't we want the stock market to be a zero-sum game, a gambling parlor? Because when gambling replaces investment everyone knows that prices are arbitrary and that losers must equal winners, and that is the sort of knowledge that causes panics.

So we have people trading in huge volumes in products so distantly related to real value as to make their prices purely a function of guesses about broad market movements over a time span of less than a day. One could hardly design a market more prone to panic. What happens when the price move is down? Remember, the new products operate on very low margin. If the S&P index drops quickly enough to eat up our 5 per cent deposit, we will be required to raise more cash or close out our position, taking a loss, perhaps a bigger loss than we can cover. We have a liquidity crisis unless our broker can extend credit. But he isn't all that liquid himself, and he has a lot of other customers in the same spot. They all need cash too. To raise it they sell out their positions, fast, at a loss. Glutted with sales, the market moves down further and faster, more people get into trouble, major players can't meet their obligations, panic ensues, and perhaps there is a crash.

Actually, before October 19, liquidity problems were worse than even the evasion of margin would suggest. After the crash of 1929, something called the net-capital rule was also imposed on brokers, in order to assure all participants in the market that brokers would have the financial ability to honor their commitments. The standards are not harsh; in theory, brokers can't borrow more than 15 times their liquid net worth. But attempting to make markets in all the leveraged products drove brokers to the very edge of this rather relaxed standard. It was not unusual in my experience for a broker to be at the very limit of compliance on the last day of the month, when he filed his net-capital report, and over the limit every other day of the month. There is no question but that the financial markets were more leveraged before Black Monday than at any time since the late Twenties.

At this point the attentive reader should be asking two questions: Is there any possible justification for this wild arrangement? and, Even conceding the dangers of the new products, how do they affect trading in actual stocks? The answers to these two questions are closely related.

The defenders of index futures and similar products would say that their products spread risk and thus increase liquidity and the willingness to invest in productive companies. Say you are a good fundamental analyst who has shrewdly examined the market and discovered half a dozen worthy but undervalued companies. All else being equal, their stock prices should go up; you want to buy now and profit. But what if you are completely right and yet, after you buy, the market gets moody and goes down in a broad move? Your worthy stocks will probably go down with it, even if a bit less. You will lose money even though you've picked good stocks. Who wants to invest in such an environment?

Well, say the advocates of index futures, our product protects that investor. He can buy his good stocks and then sell index futures. That way if the market goes down as a whole he'll profit on his futures (the buyer loses, having bet the wrong way) and lose less than most people on his stocks (which did a little better than average) and make a profit. See, say the futures people, we're aiding real investment.

In theory it is possible; in practice it is a lie. First of all you don't *need* index futures for such hedging. You can hedge quite efficiently by selling short (i.e., for future delivery) a group of stocks that will duplicate the overall market's performance. The only use for which you *need* a stock-index future is to bet on the very short-term performance of the stock market. Saying that these products can be used for hedging long-term investments is like saying that people could buy *Playboy* for the articles. Sure they could. It probably even happens once in a while.

Hedging isn't why futures were invented. They were invented to allow professional traders, who by the very nature of their business know an enormous amount about what will happen in the market in the next few minutes or hours, a legal way to profit from that knowledge. I'll give just one example, called front running.

The sequence of events is this: 1) A broker receives an order to sell a large varied basket of stocks for a major investor. 2) The broker checks with other brokers to see what orders they might have; if another broker has a similar buy order, the orders would be matched. Otherwise 3) the broker sells a large number of index futures for his firm's account. In doing so he is simultaneously driving the price of the futures down and betting that the price of the futures will fall further. Since he knows that he is about to execute a big sell order on those stocks and that the futures price is tied to the

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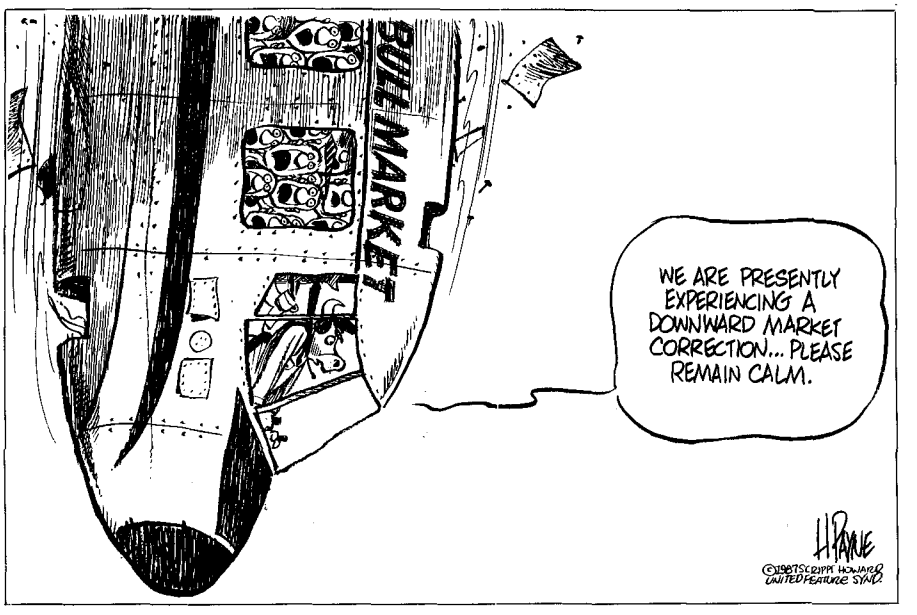
stock price, this a pretty good bet. 4) It becomes an even better bet, because every trader in America sees that futures have declined, and guesses that a big stock sale is imminent. Accordingly, all these traders sell stocks or at least refrain from buying any. 5) The broker sells the group of stocks into an already falling market, and 6) as he finishes selling the actual stocks, the broker covers his futures position by buying futures cheaper than he sold them.

This is legal, and accepted practice on most of the exchanges. It is against the rules to front-run *individual* stocks (selling short IBM shares just before filling your customer's order to sell IBM) because you are so obviously cheating your client out of his best price. But with index futures as described above, front-running is within the rules because it is not clear that the customer is hurt: in theory the futures and the stocks trade in separate markets; in theory the price of any individual stock is little affected by a change in price of a futures contract for a basket of five hundred stocks. So the customer should get about the same price for his stocks as he would have received had futures not existed. The clear victim in this practice is the party that took the other side of the futures trade, a man foolish enough not to realize that a major brokerage firm selling huge volumes of index futures knows something he doesn't.

There are other futures strategies, but most come down to the same thing: major players profiting from their intimacy with the market by placing very short-term bets. Of course, this game, like poker, is zero-sum. For you to win someone else must lose; someone *must* be fooled. So, as in poker, a good player develops a repertoire of moves, including bluffs and other attempts at deception. Sometimes there is no customer selling stocks. Is there a profitable move in making it appear that there is a seller? Of course. In concealing a seller? Absolutely. There is, in short, profit in making the market jump if you know which way it will go. This has always been true. But the new products make manipulation cheaper, easier, faster, and more legal. And because all the big players now know they are in a market where the game is the thing, everyone is poised to jump all the time.

Which brings us to the second question: Why does all this matter for the prices of the stocks themselves? Simple. The futures market now leads the stock market, and stock-index futures have turned individual stocks into short-term speculative bets as well. The very existence of a high-velocity speculative product that theoretically represents, say, a third of the stocks on the market encourages the stocks themselves to be traded in baskets and to react very sensitively to any news that might have an impact on the market as a whole. Every trader in America knows, or thinks he knows, that a decline in the futures market means someone is about to unload a big bundle of stocks, and traders act accordingly, dumping whole groups of potentially affected stocks before they get dumped on. Under even the best conditions stock prices tend to herd; trading in index futures increases the herding instinct. Betting on individual stocks is unacceptably risky in an environment in which underlying values are constantly being overwhelmed by broad market moves.


BULL MARKET
WE ARE PRESENTLY EXPERIENCING A DOWNWARD MARKET CORRECTION... PLEASE REMAIN CALM.
H PAYNE
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On a short-term basis stocks have become much less independent of each other than in the past, making a sharp decline and subsequent panic more likely. It is not particularly unusual to see all thirty stocks in the Dow go up or down at the same time; that never happened when market participants were interested in the value of individual companies. The zero-sum character of the game rewards and virtually guarantees manipulation, deception, and illegality. Add a high degree of leverage to the equation, and the scene is set for disaster.

BLACK MONDAY unfolded exactly as it should have. The weakness of the Reagan Administration in the face of the usual Democratic proposals to destroy the economy and return to the blissful days of FDR, when voters were really dependent on their masters, panicked the market. Those horrifically leveraged markets that specialize in the new products, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange and the CBOE, went into freefall. All those computers that order the brokers to sell when they detect waves in the market gave their orders; there were massive liquidity crises as brokers and customers alike struggled to cover their absurdly leveraged positions in a falling market; even prudent players were endangered by those who had gambled too much; the market lost five hundred points; and the financial system came very close to ruin.

What should be done? Thunderous calls for re-regulation miss the mark. The problem is not that we have deregulated but that we have partially deregulated in a very awkward manner. Very often, regulation designed to decrease speculation actually increases speculation by pushing activity into unregulated areas that are inherently more speculative than the area being restricted. Stock margin rules after all prompted the creation of index futures and options, which are inherently somewhat more speculative than even highly margined stock positions.

The government's policy ought to be to make stock-

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market investment more attractive and speculation less attractive, providing natural incentives to stable behavior that would work much better than the regulations, which have clearly failed. Some possibilities:

1. Immediate legislation allowing corporations to deduct dividend payments from their taxable income. In the short term this would entice money into the market as stocks became more valuable. In the long term it would eliminate one of the most powerful disincentives to real investment: double taxation of dividends makes it difficult to transmit intact to shareholders the real wealth created by a corporation. Make that transfer easier and you make stocks more like investments and less like a hot deck in blackjack.

2. Eliminate the capital-gains tax, the provision to become effective in 18 months. It would be a mistake to get rid of the tax instantly; we don't want to discourage a rally by encouraging people to take profits now. But knowing that 18 months hence profits would be tax-free would encourage investors to stay in until things settle down. Long term, this would also make it easier for shareholders to recover the value their corporations have created, encouraging investment rather than speculation. The tax should be replaced by a smaller transactions fee, thus raising the cost of quickie moves and discouraging speculation.

3. The government should announce that it will buy, at approximately 25 cents on the dollar, all dubious Third Word debt to American banks. The precise figure should be low enough to cause the banks the pain they so richly deserve, but high enough to represent a real improvement in the banks' balance sheets and strengthen the financial system.

The U.S. Government should then forgive the debt, for which it bears substantial moral responsibility, having encouraged Third World governments to borrow for obviously uneconomic development projects. Short term, this would guarantee that "the other shoe" won't drop, worsening the panic. Long term, it would substantially improve the world economy. The money is gone anyway.

4. The dollar should be loosely tied to gold: tethered just enough to eliminate price moves of more than, say, 15 per cent. This would encourage world financial stability, while avoiding time-consuming arguments over returning to a real gold standard.

To restore market confidence in the short run, the President must immediately restate his determination to veto the proposed Democratic tax increase and the trade bill, which threaten to sabotage the Reagan economic boom. If Reagan can persuade the markets that he will win and the Democrats will lose, the American economy will remain, as he says, "fundamentally sound." □

WHAT SCARED THE MARKETS?

ALAN REYNOLDS

A GREAT GLOBAL political contest has been going on for a decade between policies that are favorable to the creation of wealth, and policies that are not. On the constructive side are economists and politicians who favor moderate tax rates, free trade, stable money, deregulation, and privatization. These views, which are commonly associated with supply-side economics, have more or less dominated public policy since at least 1982, particularly in the United States and the United Kingdom. On the other side, however, there are still many powerful advocates of punitive taxation, trade warfare, beggar-thy-neighbor exchange-rate gyrations, and a return to heavy-handed and unpredictable government regulation. These latter views were the source of disastrous policy experiments from 1969 to 1980, as they were also from 1929 to 1937, and the ideology behind them remains fashionable in the press and academia. What has happened to world stock markets since August 25, and particularly since October 14, is that the forces of darkness have appeared to be gaining the upper hand in the United States, Germany, and Japan. Those who want to restore the policies of the Seventies cannot pretend surprise that following their advice would also restore the depressed stock prices of that era.

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Stock markets are quite efficient in evaluating the best available information about future opportunities for profitable production. But risks can change very suddenly with new information, and the biggest surprises are invariably matters of government policy, such as new trade barriers, taxes, or monetary-policy blunders. Investors have no choice but to attempt to guess the ever-changing *probabilities* of destructive government policy changes *before* they actually happen, because nobody wants to be the last one to run for cover. To sink *all* the world's stock markets requires some extremely bad news. If we can figure out what that bad news was, then the situation can easily be changed by governments' simply *not* doing what the markets fear they will do.

It may help to remember what was going on while the Dow Jones stock index rose from less than 1000, when President Reagan took office, to over 2700, before recently dropping back to the level of a year ago. The first phase of the great bull market began with the sharp reductions of marginal tax rates, coupled with deregulation and privatization in both the United States and the United Kingdom. The bull market got a second upward push from tax reform in the U.S. and the hope that it would be copied by other countries. And the bull market got a third boost from Treasury Secretary Baker's Group of Five Agreement of September 1985, which showed promise of restoring international monetary cooperation and stability.

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By no coincidence, the most recent U.S. market peak occurred on August 25—the same day that officials of the United States, Germany, and Japan all strongly affirmed their eagerness to work together for global economic growth and currency stability. At that time, there were still hopes for significant tax reform in Germany and Japan, as well as for cooperation by central banks to adjust monetary policies so as to stabilize exchange rates and prices.

There were many setbacks along the way to the August market peak, particularly as the United States began to get nasty about foreign trade. On March 21, the *New York Times* reported: "An unrelenting decline in the dollar's value set off a violent reaction yesterday in the stock and bond markets, where prices plunged in tumultuous selling." A news-analysis piece in the *Times* the same day began: "The rout in the financial markets touched off by President Reagan's Friday announcement of trade sanctions against Japan suggests a grim reading by the world's traders of a largely symbolic act." On April 30, after the House passed the protectionist Gephardt amendment to the anti-trade bill, the *Times*'s headline read: "Trade Vote Deals Blow to Bonds." It dealt a blow to stocks too, and so did the passage of the Senate trade bill. But hope soon revived that destructive trade or tax legislation would be successfully vetoed by a strong President, and stocks recovered.

THINGS BEGAN to go sour as the White House showed signs of being increasingly unwilling or unable to resist Congress's return to its old ways of doling out favors—trade protection and anti-takeover provisions to bail out inefficient labor unions, soak-the-rich tax proposals, and so on. Investors began to worry that if the Reagan people couldn't even get Judge Bork appointed to the Supreme Court, they could not stop the rush of anti-trade and anti-wealth legislation either.

Bad news got worse on October 6, when the German central bank raised interest rates, and the Bank of Japan indicated that it was thinking of doing the same. People figured that the Federal Reserve would have to follow suit, to keep the dollar up. More important, it looked like a breakdown of February's Louvre agreement to stabilize the dollar, and of the whole idea that Japan and Germany would make an effort to grow faster in order to rely less on exports to soak up their industrial production.

With Germany's real GNP up less than 1 per cent over the past year, and tax revenues therefore disappointing, German officials began to say they could not afford to cut tax rates. Yet high tax rates have been suffocating incentives throughout continental Europe, which is why tax revenues there have barely kept pace with inflation. With unemployment averaging 11 per cent in Europe—and running much higher, of course, in several countries—tax receipts are low. Those stagnant economies never really escaped from the 1982 recession, and have become precariously dependent on exports for what few jobs they still have. By contrast, U.S. tax revenues rose by $89 billion in the fiscal year just ended, and the budget deficit fell by approximately 30 per cent.

The American example has been lost on Europe, except for Britain and Turkey, which cut tax rates and grew much faster than their neighbors. Instead of meaningful tax reform, Germany announced on October 9 a new withholding tax on interest income. The German stock market, which has long been among the world's weakest, went into a tailspin. Tax reform also broke down in Japan, and Japan has selected a nationalistic new prime minister, Noboru Takeshita, who is considered unlikely to promote either supply-side growth policies or relaxed trade barriers.

With constructive solutions to trade imbalances in retreat, the twin threats of protectionism on the one hand, and a weak dollar on the other, gained credibility. Otherwise sane economists actually began to say that if the world's weakest economies refused to expand, the U.S. economy would have to be dragged down to their level to fix the trade gap. Prescribing recession as a cure for trade deficits is like prescribing decapitation as a cure for headaches.

On October 14, the markets got two nasty scares. The U.S. trade deficit for August was higher than expected, largely because the weak-dollar strategy backfired, inflating import prices to the U.S. and weakening the growth, and therefore the imports, of our trading partners. The trade issue has come to dominate politics, obscuring real issues, such as unemployment or inflation. Each monthly trade number thus generates more terror of dollar debasement and/or a protectionist trade bill.

The day before the trade figure came out, the House Ways and Means Committee also offered draconian tax proposals, openly aimed at wealth in general and Wall Street in particular. The amount of revenue supposed to be gained was trivial. It has already been more than wiped out by the reduction in capital-gains revenues resulting from the slide in stock prices, which was caused, in part, by the investors' fear of being the target of new taxes. The tax proposal was indicative of the mischief that Congress is up to, and the first installment of future plans.

Among other things, the Ways and Means tax proposal would severely limit the deduction of interest expense involved in takeovers, although takeovers have been extremely important in restructuring a leaner, more profitable U.S. industry. Stock prices of possible takeover candidates were the hardest hit when the tax bill came out. Amazingly, there was not a word of protest from the White House about the Ways and Means tax proposal. On the contrary, the White House has been actively talking about compro-

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mise with Congress, courting disaster. The whole idea of taxing our way out of a possible downturn is absurd, something unheard of since the steep tax hike of June 1932, which was scarcely helpful.

By October 19, the odds of bad U.S. trade and tax legislation appeared greatly increased, while the odds of Japanese and German tax reform or monetary cooperation seemed greatly reduced. Opportunities for profitable trade were thus in jeopardy all around the world, because of a possible reversal of the policies that had previously pointed to a mutually bright future; and so all the world stock markets crashed.

All sorts of crackpot ideas naturally flourish in that situation, such as Peter Peterson's absurd proposal, in *The Atlantic*, that a $100-billion consumption tax would help; or Ravi Batra's $133-billion wealth tax; or Congressman Gephardt's scheme to shrink world commerce; or Martin Feldstein's endless calls for another 30 per cent drop in the dollar.

Shortly after the crash, the dollar was firm, commodity prices were weak, and interest rates came down smartly. Only the threat of bad trade and tax legislation continues to depress the outlook for future earnings, largely because the White House refuses to take this opportunity to seize the initiative against such suicidal legislation. The best case for optimism is that the crash will have a sobering effect —providing an object lesson that we live in an integrated world market that is quite vulnerable to threats of trade war, currency war, or anti-wealth tax policies. If the risk of bad policies fades, markets can and will adjust to changing probabilities on the up side just as suddenly as they did on the down side. □

THE POLITICS OF THE CRASH

ROBERT NOVAK

THE CAUSES of Black Monday, October 19, 1987, were as incomprehensible to Washington as its advent was surprising. To politicians, markets are both occult and capricious, devoid of rationality. So, few policymakers connected the frightening plunge of the Dow Jones average with the steady disintegration, under a cascade of hammer blows from its enemies, of the Reagan Administration's model for governance. Nowhere was the connection less clearly seen than at the White House, where one senior staffer told me that he imagined the crash was caused "by some kind of currency manipulations in Germany."

Now that Thermidor has enveloped the Revolution, movement conservatives are wont to beat their breasts in frustration over how little has been accomplished in the nearly seven years of Ronald Reagan's Presidency. In truth, however, the wonder is not how little but how much has been done in view of two severely limiting factors.

First, nearly the entire range of Reagan Administration policy has been opposed by a variable proportion of Establishment opinion. Academicians, editorial writers, labor leaders, bureaucrats, and a substantial share of lawyers and corporate executives have battled Reagan policy from day one.

Second, against this phalanx, the President's position has been defended by a less than united band. Even at the start, true believers in Reagan's efforts to radically transform how America is governed were outnumbered by orthodox Republicans who would have been more at home serving Jerry Ford. And, as the years passed, the ranks of Reaganites thinned. As James Watt, William Clark, and Richard Perle departed, the percentage of senior officials lacking personal and/or ideological ties to the President increased. George Shultz typified the survivors.

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Given these limitations, the Reagan Administration seemed remarkably healthy as it entered its last two years.

—Although the Administration had had only modest success at instituting deregulation and controlling domestic spending, the drop of top marginal income-tax rates from 70 per cent to 28 per cent, effective January 1, 1988, was a spectacular victory upon which protracted and non-inflationary economic growth is based.

—The Administration has restored the credibility of U.S. defense, and, for the first time in three decades of arms negotiations, the U.S. had forced the Soviets back to the bargaining table without offering concessions.

—Most remarkably, the Reagan Doctrine—offering help to any armed band willing to fight to free its homeland of Communist oppression—was working, even in the face of implacable hostility from the Establishment. In Angola, Jonas Savimbi was on the march. In Nicaragua, the Contras had survived congressionally imposed torture and were taking the offensive.

But against this favorable report card were two ominous developments—one in the immediate past and one casting a dark shadow into the future—that threatened Reagan's accomplishments. The first was the Democratic takeover of the Senate in 1986, and the second was the onset of the Iran-Contra affair immediately afterward. Taken together, these two developments sapped the confidence and will of the Administration.

In fact, the electoral catastrophe of 1986 can be blamed in no small part on the policy vacuum created by the issue-less 1984 re-election campaign. The tendency of the Administration to rest on its oars, with the notable and salutary exception of tax reform, survived the shift from James A. Baker III to Donald T. Regan as chief of staff.

Regan had taken Patrick J. Buchanan on board as communications director after the 1984 election as an offering to the Right. But Buchanan's efforts to re-energize Ad-

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1929 and 1987: The Differences

MILTON FRIEDMAN

THERE HAS BEEN much loose talk comparing the stock market's Black Monday of October 19, 1987, with the market's Black Monday and Tuesday of October 28 and 29, 1929. The comparison is valid and interesting with respect to the market itself. Both episodes witnessed panic selling, record percentage declines in market averages, and record volumes of trading. The comparison is false and misleading with respect to the real economy—especially in terms of the fears being expressed that because the 1929 market crash was followed by the Great Depression, the 1987 crash also presages a Great Depression.

That conclusion reflects an erroneous understanding of the actual effect of the 1929 market crash on the Great Depression.

First, while in general the market is an excellent leading indicator of the prospects for the real economy, in 1929 the economy peaked in August, one month before the market peaked in September, and two months before the market crashed. Currently, the economy has not yet peaked. At most, the market decline is forecasting the start of a recession some time in the next six to nine months. Given that this has so far been the longest peacetime business expansion, that is hardly a radical prediction. Moreover, it is in line with the implications of recent monetary growth. However, I hasten to add, neither the market nor monetary growth is an infallible predictor of the economy.

Second, and more important, the decline in the economy from August 1929 to the end of 1930 was somewhat more severe than during the first year of most recessions, but, had an upturn come shortly thereafter, the episode would have been classified as a garden-variety recession. It was converted into the Great Depression by the collapse of the financial system in successive waves in 1931, 1932, and 1933. The stock market played no significant role in this collapse. The argument that the 1929 market crash produced the 1931-33 economic contraction is a prime example of the *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* fallacy.

Third, and most important, the financial collapse of 1931-33 need not have occurred and would have been avoided if the Federal Reserve System had never been established or if it had behaved differently. The Fed's inept performance led to changes in the financial system that make a similar collapse now highly unlikely.

In 1954, I delivered a lecture in Sweden under the title, "Why the American Economy Is Depression-Proof." I have seen no reason since then, and see none now, to change that conclusion. □

Mr. Friedman won the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1976.

ministration policy generally foundered. Alone among otherwise gloomy White House aides, Buchanan perceived opportunity in Democratic dominance of the Senate. No longer would Reagan have to kiss the rings of the Republican College of Cardinals on the Hill. Now he could confront partisan Democrats in a fierce veto war that would renew the Reagan Revolution. The unlikely model was Dwight D. Eisenhower, who after the Democratic congressional landslide of 1958 adopted a confrontational veto policy and ended up more credible in his last two years in office than in the previous six.

Whether Don Regan would have adopted Buchanan's strategy is doubtful but by no means out of the question. Nobody will ever know, for Iran-Contra intervened, following the 1986 election, and Don Regan was its first victim.

Enter Howard H. Baker Jr., who for years had been the favorite Republican presidential possibility of non-Republicans. No ideologue of any kind, he is the embodiment of the congressional Republican moderate who instinctively seeks conciliation and compromise, trying to blend with rather than dispute opposing views.

Baker has too much integrity to consciously seize, through the agency of the Iran-Contra affair, the power that Republican primary voters had denied him in 1980. Yet, that has been the impact of his eight months in power. As part of a new and disquieting trend in American government, Baker brought in his own team to run the White House (as even the imperious Sherman Adams never would have dared in 1953). His young law partner was named White House counsel. The public-liaison office, which had become a right-wing enclave, was turned over to a Baker protégé. The departing Pat Buchanan's suggestion that he be replaced as communications director by right-wing Los Angeles television commentator Bruce Herschensohn was politely ignored, and the job went to longtime Baker lieutenant Tom Griscom.

Baker did make a gesture to the Right: he brought Ken Cribb over from the Justice Department. But while Cribb's conservative credentials are unassailable, he is an amiable young man who does not, Buchanan-like, cause trouble for superiors and colleagues. Gary Bauer, brought from the Education Department to the White House by Regan just before he left, has proved a more abrasive conservative. But the truth is that neither Cribb nor Bauer is on the first team at the White House.

The result has been the sort of strategy that would have been expected if Howard Baker were President and his deputy, Ken Duberstein (a former aide to Senator Jacob Javits), the chief of staff. Conciliation and compromise are the watchwords, even though Baker acknowledges privately that this Democratic Congress is moving with a disciplined and ferocious partisanship surpassing anything he encountered in his long experience on Capitol Hill.

On the eve of Reagan's August vacation, I lunched with a member of the senior staff whose conversation ruined my digestion. The President's authority on Capitol Hill had so diminished, he said, that there was really no alternative but to seek to file off the rough edges of the bills Congress presented and sign whatever resulted—the antithesis

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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of the Buchanan strategy. "But surely not the trade bill?" I asked. "Especially the trade bill," replied the aide, who predicted that the passage of a compromise bill would settle markets and increase confidence in the President.

This mindset was so suicidal and potentially destructive of markets that I could not believe it represented considered opinion at the White House. I was reassured when a *Los Angeles Times* interview with Gary Bauer reflected a variation on the Buchanan confrontation strategy.

In fact, Bauer was rebuked by his superiors. The authentic White House line was revealed in a front-page *New York Times* dispatch from the summer White House at Santa Barbara, California, suggesting that the President in his weakened political condition was inclined to sign any bill—tariff, tax, spending—that might blow onto his desk through an open window. Market fears about whether anybody was at the helm can be said to date from publication of that story. Such reports produced private warnings to the Treasury by the Federal Reserve Board of the consequences of a signed trade bill.

As the President returned from a restful August in California, it became clear that his staff had decided to seek compromise and limit positive action to a two-point agenda: arms control and the Bork nomination.

Arms-control represented in its tone, if not in its substance, a retreat from the hard-edged foreign policy of the Reagan Revolution, and as such would not rile up the Reagan-hating Establishment. But Bork was another matter.

The nomination of Judge Robert H. Bork—who would scarcely have been Howard Baker's or Ken Duberstein's first choice for the Court—represented a vestigial demonstration of will by Reagan. But as the President went into his California estivation, pressure groups of the Left—operating at both wholesale (with voters) and retail (with senators) levels—launched an unprecedented political campaign against a Court appointment. (See also, "For Want of a Nail," p. 32.)

So passive was the White House that right-wing activists meeting in Washington as the summer ended concluded, incorrectly I am sure, that Howard Baker was torpedoing the Bork confirmation in order to secure the Supreme Court seat for himself. In fact, it was not conspiracy, but a misreading of what was afoot. While the White House conducted an old-fashioned campaign of persuasion, the opposition was determined to savage the Reagan Presidency and to set a new definition of the mainstream in American political thought. While Howard Baker was playing croquet, Teddy Kennedy played rollerball.

Rosen, *Albany Times-Union* / Rothco

My linkage, in the column I write with Rowland Evans and over television, of the Bork fiasco with the market crash has generated uproarious laughter from colleagues in the news media and polite disbelief from White House aides. Their skepticism reflects a view of markets as monsters variously automated and running amok, lacking either sense or insight.

Yet, the coincidence of the market dropping fifty points in one hour after the announced opposition to Bork by Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama showed the significance of Reagan's loss of Southern Democratic support. If the President could not win confirmation of his first choice to the Supreme Court, could he prevent higher taxes, protectionist legislation, and runaway spending?

Thus, the Bork nomination was the catalyst confirming previous signs of weakness and exacerbating the impact of other ill omens immediately preceding Black Monday: Jim Baker's talking down of the dollar; announcement of disappointing trade numbers; the anti-investor tax bill—small at $12 billion but lethal—reported out of the House Ways and Means Committee at the most inopportune moment.

The notion that the twin deficits triggered the market plunge overlooks the reality that the budget deficit and, less dramatically, the trade deficit were diminishing. What frightens markets is what Congress may *do* about the deficits.

THUS REAGAN'S reaction is critical. He is not likely to approve any trade bill in this economic climate. But if the talks with Congress intended to calm markets result in higher taxes on investment, the fears that triggered the market plunge will deepen.

The impetus behind the negotiations can be laid more to Jim than to Howard Baker. Returning from Germany to find himself blamed for the crash, the Secretary quickly convinced the Chief of Staff that overtures to Capitol Hill were overdue. The Administration has reaffirmed that the Democratic tax bills are unacceptable, but negotiations set in motion usually lead to an end product.

The spirit of Herbert Hoover is present. His post-crash statements of 1929 were widely read in Washington on October 20. His syrupy confidence that the stock market's collapse could be quarantined from the economy at large is spookily similar to what we have been hearing from Reagan, as Speaker Wright and the *New York Times* maintain. But Hoover's real sin was remorseless and repeated tax increases that drove the Depression ever deeper. Reagan has taken the first steps down that perilous path.

An alternative to negotiations: a call by the President for Congress to give him rescission authority over spending and cut the capital-gains rate to 15 per cent, combined with a pledge to veto anything resembling the tax and trade legislation now pending. That course would have been natural in 1981. For the Ronald Reagan of 1987, it is rejected out of hand by the men around him who seem to control him. Here are the true roots of the crisis of confidence and the Crash of '87. □

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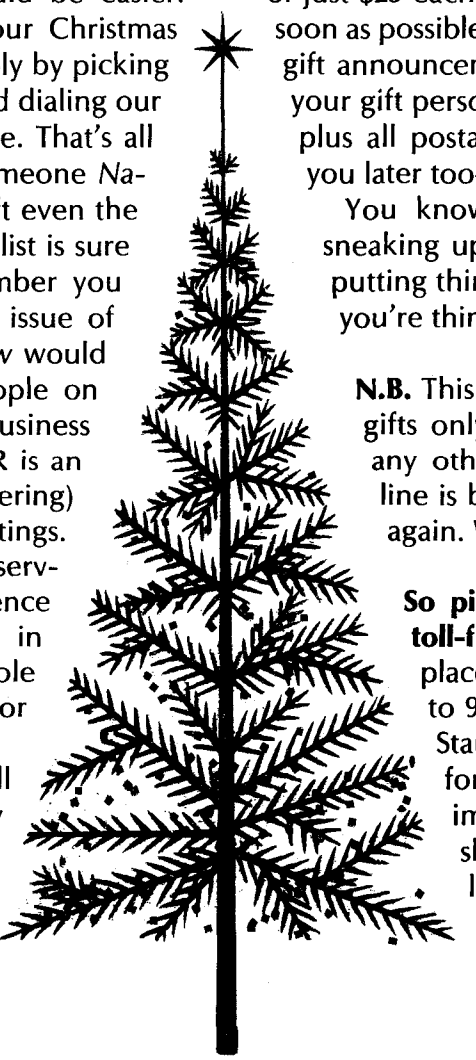

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METAPHOR FOR THE FUTURE

Jeffrey C. Cohen

Miami: City of the Future, by T. D. Allman (Atlantic Monthly Press, 432 pp., $22.50)

Going to Miami: Exiles, Tourists, and Refugees in the New America, by David Rieff (Little, Brown, 230 pp., $16.95)

Miami, by Joan Didion (Simon & Schuster, 238 pp., $17.95)

THREE YEARS after the runaway success of the television series *Miami Vice*, Miami seems to have caught hold of a certain segment of the American literary imagination. Russell Banks's *Continental Drift* and Elmore Leonard's police procedurals were the first signs of the trend. Now three nonfiction accounts of the city have appeared in one literary season. The Miami that emerges from these books is a vibrant, volatile, and decadent city, where roughly half the population consists of exiles from a Communist country who dream of imminent return, and another large bloc consists of exiles from the colder climes of the United States who dream of a life of permanent leisure. The attention of all three writers is inexorably drawn to the massive, lively, Cuban and Cuban-American community in Miami, at the expense of the black and Anglo segments of the population. The result is a good bit of political polemic, some absorbing travelogue, and one relatively comprehensive portrait of this confusing and perhaps confused city.

The most thorough of the three books is T. D. Allman's *Miami: City of the Future*. In a slightly overblown prose that might be construed as the literary correlative of Don Johnson's *Miami Vice* lingo, Allman furnishes generous amounts of history and of faithful journalistic sociology. The television show is a running subtext for the book, a point of comparison between the myth and the reality of Miami. Allman works hard to corroborate his "city of the future" thesis, and he likes to inform us that each anecdote is a metaphor for the city, and that the city itself is a metaphor for America's future.

Miami, it must be said, is a city brimming with anecdotes, from drug-war shootouts that strain credulity, to Fontainebleau Hotel developer Ben Novack's construction of a new wing designed to keep the pool deck of his neighbor and competitor the Eden Roc in constant shade. Allman usefully highlights the contrast between the difficulties of Miami Beach, over-developed and poorly managed, and the relative successes of its neighbor to the west, Miami. Throughout the book, Allman reminds us of the escapist and façade mentalities that have always prevailed in this corner of America, which houses Epcot Center and Disney World, Spongeorama, the Stars' Hall of Fame Wax Museum, and the exotic pastel architecture that has become Miami's trademark. There is a recurring theme of skepticism here, of concern about the fantasies on which Miami thrives.

But this skepticism, coupled with Allman's wide-eyed prognosis for Miami's future, raises some concerns. And these concerns become most troubling late in the book, where, in a revealing personal passage, Allman describes a side-trip to Europe:

> "Shall we go inside?" the dear friend who had driven me [to Chartres] asked when we reached the cathedral. It was bone-cold everywhere except inside the car, with the heater on. I didn't tell her I didn't want to visit this old pile of medieval stone, this reliquary built by dead people who piled one stone on top of another to prove you could live forever. It all had been a dreadful mistake, I realized. I should have stayed in Miami, where it was warm.

At this point, Allman is a full-fledged convert to the mentality he has been at pains to criticize throughout his book. Miami, one is led to fear, is home to many people who prefer its warmth and fantasy to "an old pile of medieval stone." If, as Allman argues, Miami has indeed surpassed its resort

Jeffrey C. Cohen, a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia, lived in Miami from 1972 to 1981.

Jeffrey Giles is on the staff of The New Yorker.

David Lipsky is a graduate student in the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins University. His fiction has appeared in The New Yorker *and* The Best American Short Stories of 1986.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Painting and the Novel *and* The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis.

William Murchison is a columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College, Long Island, and a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

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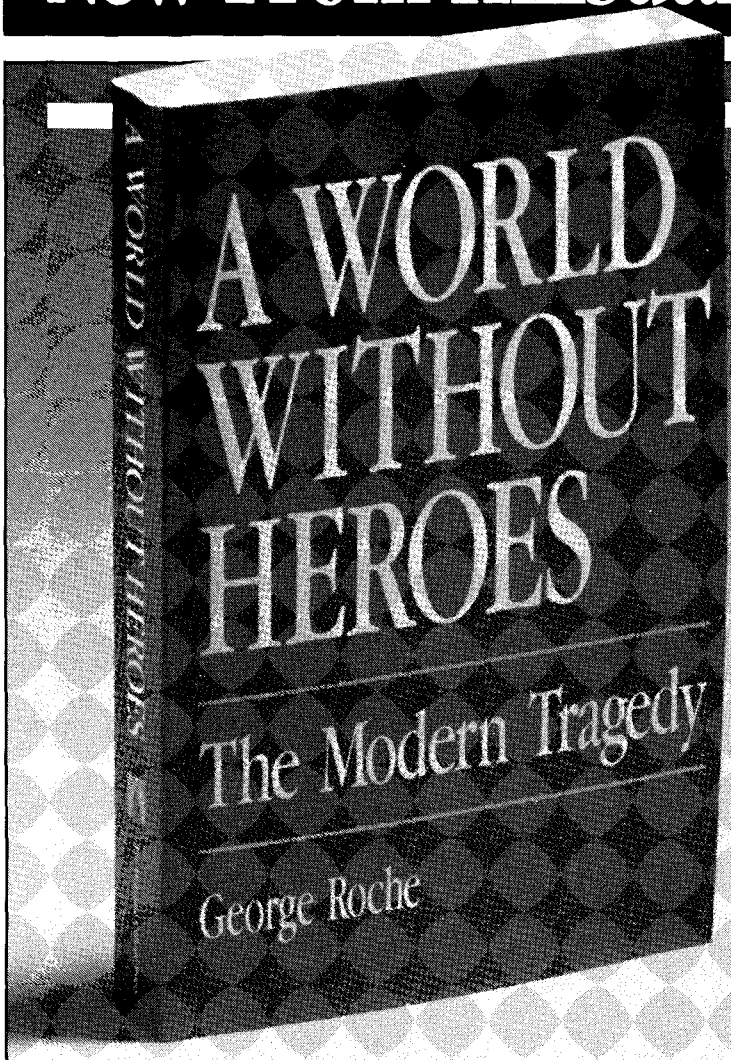

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ JUST OUT: John Murray Cuddihy's classic, *The Ordeal of Civility: Freud, Marx, Lévi-Strauss, and the Jewish Struggle with Modernity*, has been released in paperback, with a new Introduction, by Beacon Press ($9.95). Of it, Michael Oakeshott writes: "I cannot properly express the excitement of reading [*The Ordeal of Civility*], the impatience of having to turn the page, the sense of never being let down, the delight of being led through a familiar world and given new eyes to see it." And Jacob Neusner: "I know no more suggestive and profound reflection on the human condition of modernity. Cuddihy's powerful and sympathetic reading of the Jewish condition shows the pathos and power of the Jews' encounter with humanity's most difficult, most trying age."

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: Tom Wolfe's first novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities* (Farrar, $19.95), brings together New York's low life and high life, which are discovered, by that juxtaposition, to have more in common, sociologically speaking than might be expected.

In *Seasons at Eagle Pond* (Ticknor & Fields, $15.95), Donald Hall reminisces about his years spent on the 180-acre farm on which his grandparents lived, and concludes, "There's no reason to live here except love."

The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage (Bantam, $19.95), by Todd Gitlin, is being billed as the "definitive" history of that execrable decade, written by a man who, as president of Students for a Democratic Society as well as in other roles, can be fairly described as having been among its movers and shakers.

In *Soviet Agriculture* (Norton, $27.50), Zhores A. Medvedev addresses the question of how the Soviet Union, once the breadbasket of Europe, has become the world's largest importer of livestock and grain products, while at the same time devoting 35 per cent of its investment budget to agriculture. Medvedev offers intelligent suggestions for reform. —CW

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status, and become a city where people go to make lives for themselves, it is a peculiar type of life they envision. This "lifestyle" might not, in the final analysis, differ much from resort life. The fact that one or two members of a household go to an office every day does not necessarily involve that household in the serious business of life. The mentality revealed in Allman's Chartres anecdote is a negative mentality: anti-historical, anti-cultural, and essentially lazy. To the extent that this seductive, decadent attitude typifies Miami, it is a city to be pitied rather than glorified; to the extent that it is that of "America's future," our concerns and efforts should be mobilized accordingly.

DAVID RIEFF'S book *Going to Miami* is a shorter and less ambitious book than Allman's, far more a travelogue than a history or account of the city. Excerpted in *The New Yorker*, this first book by Susan Sontag's son is personal and amicably chatty. The subtext here is Rieff's own background and upbringing in liberal New York. His trips to Miami and immersion in the Hispanic community there represent a fruitful clash of cultures for the young editor-writer. His political *idées reçues* begin to scramble, and his accepted factional boundaries begin to erode:

> When I saw the beginning of some young thug's public declaration gracing the side of a vacant house, I told the driver to stop. . . . From the avenue, the visible part of the message, what had caught my eye, had read "U.S. Out" before snaking around the pink stucco wall to the side-street side. The full message turned out to be "U.S. Out of the United Nations."
>
> It was, as far as I was concerned, the eighth wonder of the world. . . . In New York, if you see the words "U.S. Out," you know what's coming: Nicaragua, Salvador, even America if any Native Americans have passed through, the usual suspects. My return to New York bore this out. The first day back I stopped in at a bookstore on St. Mark's Place. There by the cash register lay a huge, bowl-shaped receptacle soliciting funds for "the liberated zones of El Salvador and the heroic fighters of the FMLN." I was about to make a joke of it to the clerk when I saw her "Frente Sandinista" T-shirt. I was suddenly ready for another trip to Miami.

Miami, Rieff discovers, can challenge the rigidity of any political observer's sympathy systems. The volatile political mix here includes poor blacks, anti-Communist Cubans, old-school Southerners, and New York-style liberal Jews. At a cocktail party in Miami, Rieff is asked what Latin American writers he edits at Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Rieff hesitates and mentally runs through his "list" before cautiously naming Mario Vargas Llosa. "He's a Communist," Rieff's interlocutor blurts out.

Despite the political education he is receiving, Rieff is not immune to haughtiness vis-à-vis Miamians of all ethnic creeds. "By the sound of the conversations on the radio, Miamians found any kind of thinking somewhat of a trial," he sneers. Rieff cannot restrain himself from remarking that "people in Miami are absurdly interested in the temperature," and that his Miami friends have trouble understanding how he "actually has time to read." Rieff is further afield when he labels the more outspoken anti-Castro activists "primitive" and refers to a ballad translated as

> *Reagan, Reagan*
> *May God bless you*

as "inane religious expression."

The stakes are heaviest when Rieff grapples with the relations between the "parallel cultures" in Miami, namely the Hispanic and the Anglo, each of which lays claim to political and cultural domination of the town. He hypothesizes that the Cubans have the edge, because the Anglos can only aspire to the status of a provincial capital like Chicago or San Francisco; "Cuban Miami," on the other hand, is legitimately "a great capital city . . . [the capital] of *el exilio*." This situation, according to Rieff, bodes poorly for relations between the two groups. "It is difficult to live in someone else's capital city, particularly if you were there first." Though the hypothesis is intriguing, the truth is probably simpler. Miami Anglos resent Miami Cubans because the latter have made an unabashed effort to install the Spanish language and Cuban culture as autonomous entities alongside the English language and American culture. Miami Anglos feel no obligation

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to speak Spanish, or to release an immigrant group from the civic duty of imbibing, at least to some perfunctory degree, the host country's culture.

In the end, Rieff clings to his received political notions. "History, rather than progressing forward in its orderly, liberal way, was [in Miami] moving backward. Liberal Miamians could hardly be faulted for being appalled by the . . . mad dash to the right." Nevertheless, in the book's impressionistic and personal moments, Rieff succeeds in capturing the mood of the city. He is pleasantly open to the place he is exploring and generally maintains a stance of naïveté—the mark of a good travel writer.

LESS MODEST, less open, and ostensibly less confused, Joan Didion approaches Miami with the ideological fervor with which she approached El Salvador in her account of that country. *Miami* is a tirade, a wild spray of machine-gun fire aimed at nearly anyone who roughly represents "the" or "an" Establishment. Miss Didion lambastes the Kennedy Administration for insufficiently supporting the anti-Castro opposition; then turns around and guns down the anti-Castro opposition for its extremism; and finally levels her aim at the Reagan Administration, *both* for stoking the flames of anti-Communism in Miami *and* for not following through on promises to reward the fervent efforts of activists there. With Miss Didion, you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. And damned if I can visualize how Joan Didion's ideas are remotely compatible with real democracy in a real world.

Miss Didion justifiably berates Kennedy's comportment—in the Bay of Pigs affair and thereafter—concerning the Cuban exiles. The idea of "preserving deniability" by not providing air cover for the 2506 Brigade was (*pace* Miss Didion) sensible—so long as the operation had some chance for success without that air cover. But in the event, the expedition was transformed into a hopelessly half-hearted blunder, and there was nothing Kennedy could do to make it look like anything else. The 2506 had been sold up the river, and any attempt to recapture credibility among the Cuban community, such as Kennedy's foolhardy and demagogic appearance in the Orange Bowl in Miami on December 29, 1962, was doomed.

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Section Two of the book reveals Miss Didion at her rare best. She is a capable reporter, adept at seizing telling anecdotes and conveying the aura of a place. She communicates the bizarre craziness of Miami in the late 1970s and early 1980s, when drug wars ravaged the city. She also describes, more accurately than Allman, the convergence of events—namely the Mariel boatlift and the beating by white policemen of a black man, Arthur McDuffie—that led to the Liberty City riots of May 1980 and the Overtown riot of 1982. However, her attribution of "astonishing innocence" in racial matters to Miamians is dubious; Allman's account reveals a history of black-white relations in Miami not essentially unlike those of Los Angeles or Atlanta.

In discussing Hispanic-Anglo relations, Miss Didion seems to argue at cross purposes. She presents a city "the entire tone of [which], the way people looked and talked and met one another, was Cuban." Yet she refers specifically to "parallel cultures" and bemoans the "willingness among non-Cubans to let Cuban Miami remain just that, Cuban, the 'incomprehensible presence.' " Predictably, she is far more critical of Anglo non-curiosity about Cuban affairs than of the converse separatist attitude. Yet, it is surely upon the Cubans that the obligation falls to "investigate" Anglo culture. At a Miami junior high school I was (happily) required to read Gabriel García Márquez, Carlos Castaneda, and Mario Vargas Llosa. Yet Miss Didion lauds Cuban cultural assertion and resistance to Americanization—a mindset that is, by its very nature, disruptive of social harmony and hostile to the idea of community.

In the second half of *Miami*, Miss Didion's tone grows ever more shrill and nihilistic. She correctly portrays the Cuban anti-Castro movement as fanatically intolerant and prone to terrorist tactics. But this is not enough for her. In a classic stroke of "moral equivalence," she tells the tale of Dolores Prida, an exiled playwright persecuted by many Miami Cubans for being insufficiently anti-Communist: "The only city other than Miami in which [Miss Prida] had ever been afraid to express herself, the only other place 'where people look over their shoulders to see if they can say what they were going to say,' was Havana." The insinuation—and Didion tends to prefer insinuation to argument—is that anti-Castro factions have turned Cuban Miami into a totalitarian state. This comparison between overzealous activists and institutionalized state totalitarianism is utterly inapt.

In her dénouement, Miss Didion takes on above all the Reagan Administration, whose "betrayal, utilization, and manipulation" (the phrase is intoned roughly a dozen times) of Miami Cubans is yet another example of the ideologically inspired, yet spinelessly cynical, "damage-control" mentality of the Administration. To poke fun at the President's cynicism and insensitivity, she copies out his agenda on the day he meets with President Salvador Jorge Blanco of the Dominican Republic, as if to insinuate that if Reagan were really "in touch," he should block out the rest of the day for meditation, reflection, and in-depth reading on the subjects raised by Blanco. Miss Didion, in sum, is the quintessential purveyor of the *idée fixe* in political discourse.

In the end, we are left with a thoroughly muddled picture, a swarm of insinuated accusations, and precious little enlightenment. Miss Didion's best writing is on the "phenomenon" of Miami, its aura and its specialness. When she turns to editorializing, she goes far astray. ☐

ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE

William Murchison

Rayburn: A Biography, by D. B. Hardeman and Donald C. Bacon (Texas Monthly Press, 554 pp., $21.95)

YOU NEVER KNOW any more; the politician you cuss roundly today may tomorrow coax nostalgic tears from your eyes. The more water that flows beneath our political bridges, the better, in some respects, certain figures look—Samuel Taliaferro Rayburn, for instance.

Sam Rayburn, Democratic congressman from Texas for 48 years, and Speaker of the House for 21 of those years, is an unlikely folk hero in the Reagan age. If not exactly an architect of the New and Fair Deals, Rayburn laid on the legislative masonary with

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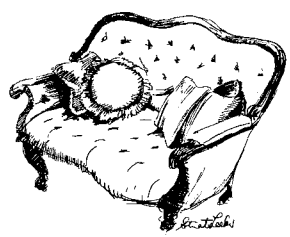
an expert and zealous hand. He labored hard, and apparently lovingly, for bigger and more costly government. As his final service to liberalism, he broke the power of the conservative-dominated House Rules Committee. Yet the liberal Sam Rayburn, as this new biography by D. B. Hardeman and Donald C. Bacon helps to remind us, was not the only Sam Rayburn.

Mr. Sam had a kind of bluff integrity that was easy to admire, from whatever philosophical vantage point. He stood by his friends and scourged his enemies. "There are no degrees of honesty," he once said. "A man is either honest, or he isn't." (Although, given this credo, it's hard to explain Mr. Sam's long, intimate partnership with Lyndon Johnson, a politician of, shall we say, limber ethics.)

Elected to run the House, Rayburn ran it with a high hand and a thunderous gavel. The House has never been so efficiently managed since. None of this participatory-democracy nonsense for Mr. Sam. "Consultation" was what took place at the by-invitation-only meetings of Rayburn's famous Board of Education, where congressional panjandrums bent elbows and planned the twisting of arms.



One very attractive Rayburn trait was his unquestioning support of the President—any President, Republican or Democrat—in foreign affairs. Whereas the House of the 1980s regards itself almost as a branch of the State Department, Rayburn maintained that "Foreign affairs are so definitely an Executive function, that we in the Legislative Branch are loath to make any moves without full consultation with the President and the State Department, as those moves, however well intentioned, may cause embarrassment to those responsible for the foreign policy and its execution."

Having told President Eisenhower "that he should know more about what it took to defend this country than practically anyone," Mr. Sam promised to deliver "95 per cent of the Democratic votes in the House" for whatever figure Ike arrived at. "I'd rather be alive with an empty pocket," the Speaker said on another occasion, "than dead with a full one." It is impossible to imagine Sam Rayburn trying to maneuver the Administration into an arms-control treaty or the abandonment of foreign allies.

Rayburn, to be sure, was a man from another time and place—born in 1882 in Tennessee, brought to Texas as a small child, and reared on a North Texas cotton farm by a foot-washing-Baptist father. Dirt-poor, young Sam put himself through college and determined on a career in politics. By age 25 he was in the Texas legislature; by age 31, he sat in Congress. He was never defeated for re-election, nor did he run for any other office. (He hoped Roosevelt would choose him for Vice President in 1944 and would have been glad for the presidential nomination in 1952, but he never announced his candidacy.)

Rayburn had in his being, personal as well as political, a streak of nineteenth-century populism. The common man was the man he liked best. During the New Deal he joined enthusiastically in attempts to punish stock manipulators and utility companies. At heart he was an agrarian. He thought people were better off when they lived on farms or in small towns. He defended fundamentally agrarian institutions like segregation, at least until segregation became constitutionally untenable. By the same token, he believed in states' rights. "I can see no reason," he said early in his career, "for the Federal Government to force its hands into our local affairs."

Rayburn favored—officially at least—whatever the Democratic Party favored. In the 1920s that meant small government; in the 1930s, big government. Rayburn's most famous political maxim was, "In this House, the people who get along the best, go along the most." Rayburn was the pre-eminent go-alonger. When Roosevelt, in 1940, asked Rayburn to second the nomination of Henry A. Wallace, a far-left liberal, for Vice President, Mr. Sam complied reluctantly, explaining to the Democratic Convention that "I cannot do other than follow the wishes of my leader."

For all his love of the common man, Rayburn seems not to have been inspired by a vision of what the common man should be, or how he might

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— Paul Gottfried
Editor, *The World and I*

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live. The Speaker's job, as the Speaker saw it, was getting bills passed.

Rayburn was a lieutenant at heart, not a captain. He cared more for the hum of the legislative machinery than for the consequences of the finished product. A bachelor (if one discounts a brief, unsuccessful marriage in the 1920s), Mr. Sam had no personal life to speak of. He gets, in truth, a little tedious upon prolonged acquaintance.

But none of this lessens the values of the Hardeman-Bacon biography as a study in twentieth-century American politics. Hardeman, a Rayburn aide and sometime journalist, began researching the book in the late 1950s but died in 1981 with the manuscript barely begun. Bacon, assistant managing editor of *U.S. News & World Report*, took over and finally brought the project to fruition.

The research is impressive, the writing brisk and clear, the analysis, alas, more shallow than it should be. Hardeman and Bacon teach us astonishingly little about Mr. Sam's legislative techniques, even though technique, not philosophy, was the Speaker's forte. This being pretty much the official biography, the authors bend over backward to be sympathetic and nice to Mr. Sam.

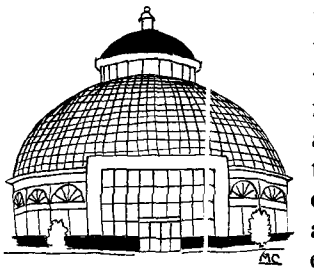
Even so, the solidity of the man, his patriotism, his old-fashioned sense of honor—these things come through clearly, and are gratefully received. There's something to like about a powerful politician whose favorite TV show was *The Lone Ranger* because of how the masked man "always does the right thing and it comes out like it ought to." □

MARTIN'S MONSTER

David Lipsky

Einstein's Monsters, by Martin Amis (Harmony Books, 149 pp., $12.95)

MARTIN AMIS hates nuclear weapons, and he doesn't care who knows it. In fact, he wants everyone to know it. At mid-career, he has virtually ceased to be a writer of fiction—from 1974 to 1984, he published five comic novels, including the hugely successful *Money*—and has metamorphosed instead into a kind of anti-nuclear polemicist. *Einstein's Monsters*, his most recent work, is a collection of stories based on the theme of nuclear holocaust. Lest anyone think this is a chance engagement, Amis has followed up *Einstein's Monsters* with an article in the October *Esquire* railing against the insanity of American nuclear planning. The article, a rehash of the Introduction to the present volume, is most notable not for its politics but for the warning it includes to those of us waiting for the return of a depoliticized Martin Amis: "When nuclear weapons become real to you," he tells us, "hardly an hour passes without some throb or flash, some heavy pulse of imagined supercatastrophe." The hydrogen bomb has claimed its first English target, and it is the career of Martin Amis.



In his new role, Amis runs around like the sheriff in *Jaws*, as if he's the only person who knows there's a shark in town and everyone else is trying to keep the beaches open. The *Esquire* article gives a good sense of the fundamental cheesiness of his political thinking. The members of the Washington nuclear establishment, he says, don't mind talking about "X-ray lasers and hard-kill capabilities," but they "go green" when the author tries to light up a cigarette. When the author interviews an attaché from the Soviet embassy, on the other hand, things go differently; the two "drink a lot of coffee and smoke up a storm." "Sergi and I got along fine," Amis tells us. "He didn't want to kill me. I didn't want to kill him." Amis has invented the Marlboro Peace Plan.

Einstein's Monsters is only a touch more subtle. It consists of five stories, along with both an "Author's Note" and an Introduction. In his Note, Amis vacillates upon the question of whether the stories are polemical. "If they arouse political feelings," he tells us, "that is all to to the good," but really, they "were written with the usual purpose in mind: that is to say, with no purpose at all—except, I suppose, to give pleasure, various kinds of complicated pleasure."

If there is any confusion in the reader's mind, however, it is cleared up by the first story, "Bujak and the Strong Force." Reading it, one is reminded of the experience of sitting in a college fiction workshop, the excited author right there next to you, enthusiastically explaining the intricacies of his story's symbolic order.

Bujak, the title character, is a hugely powerful Eastern European living in a bad neighborhood in London. A survivor of the Nazi occupation of Poland, he spends a great deal of time arguing with the (American) narrator over the value of revenge. The narrator is anti, Bujak is pro. Bujak polices his block, rounds up petty criminals, makes the streets safe for young ladies at night. "He was our deterrent," the narrator says. At the end of the story, when Bujak returns to his home to find his mother, daughter, and granddaughter brutally rape-murdered, the drunken perpetrators lying asleep on the floor, we expect him to exact some terrible revenge. But he doesn't. "Why?" the narrator asks. "No court on earth would have sent you down." (Is this how Americans speak, by the way?) "When I had their heads in my hands," Bujak replies, "I thought how incredibly easy to grind their faces together. But no . . . I had no wish to add to what I found." It's . . . *unilateral disarmament!*

Throughout *Einstein's Monsters* Amis the author is at war with Amis the nuclear theoretician. "Insight at Flame Lake," for example, would have been a fine schizophrenic-breakdown story, except that Amis the theoretician felt compelled to tack on an anti-nuclear subtext. "Thinkability," the long introduction to *Einstein's Monsters*, has its flashes of brilliant writing (the generations of unborn babies who would be aborted by a nuclear war are described as "queueing up in spectral relays until the end of time"), but it is marred by the same sort of simplistic reasoning that plagues the *Esquire* piece. Amis wants to pin all our problems on the existence of nuclear weapons. In the face of these missiles, no merely personal atrocity matters: "What vulgar outrage or moronic barbarity can compare with the black dream of nuclear exchange?" It's like asking a meter maid, "How dare you give me a ticket when there are Russian tanks illegally parked on the streets of Kabul?" But Amis the satirist

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knows that it takes a lot more than nuclear weaponry to explain the spiritual malaise of our century, just as Amis the writer knows (or ought to know) that there is always more than one explanation for any human phenomenon. One suspects, in fact, that Amis's opposition to the Strategic Defense Initiative is derived not from the fear of a perilous escalation in the arms race, but from a (perhaps unconscious) perception that, with nuclear weapons gone, the novelist would have to face the fact of unexcused human weakness again.

Amis has lost the satirist's liberating contempt, the feeling that nothing is too serious to be attacked, described, brutalized. It is for this reason that we turn to satire: in our lives, we are always stifling inappropriate laughter, catching and muffling unpleasant observations. But Amis's voice becomes hushed on the subject of nuclear weapons. "We are Einstein's monsters," he tells us, "not fully human, not for now." But no: Einstein's real monsters are writers who become captured, ensnared by politics—writers who believe the "seriousness" of the issue determines the success of the work. □

UNCLE GURTON'S BEARD

J. O. Tate

The Fred Chappell Reader, by Fred Chappell (St. Martin's, 490 pp., $22.95)

HOW MANY Fred Chappell readers would read *The Fred Chappell Reader*, if any Fred Chappell readers needed to read a Fred Chappell reader?

Well—we are going to find out. Now that I am a Fred Chappell reader myself, I think that this author demonstrates a certain quality which today, amidst a debasing blare of blurbs and advertisements, can only be mentioned with a particular kind of embarrassment. This quality is called "talent" or "creativity." Mr. Chappell has a gift, a calling, a vocation. He is a serious man with a sense of humor, a novelist's eye, a poet's ear.

Chappell is a formidable poet; he shared the 1986 Bollingen Prize with John Ashbery. One special poem of his—"Skin Flick," an anthology piece rich with double-entendres—isn't included here; but so much else is. For example, his poem "My Grandfather's Church Goes Up," written in Old English measures:

How it all took tongue! A total hosannah
this building burgeoned, the black hymnals whispering
leaves lisping in agony leaping alight,
sopranos' white scapulars each singly singeing
robes of the baritones roaring like rivers
the balcony bellowing and buckling. In the basement
where the M.Y.F. had mumbled for mercies
the cane-bottomed chairs chirruped Chinese.
What a glare of garish glottals
rose from the nave what knar-mouthed natter!
And the transept tottered intoning like tympani
as the harsh heat held hold there.
The whole church resounded reared its rare anthem
crying out Christ-mercy to the cloud-cloven sky.

The scop of *Beowulf* would have been pleased to sign those lines, if he could have spelled his own name. From another point of view, the poetry lover can cite you some fine "echo poems," but none better than Chappell's "Narcissus and Echo."

Though Chappell is first and last a poet, the *Reader* is four-fifths prose. The author—born in 1936—has been publishing novels and short stories for nearly a quarter of a century; and, like his poetry, his prose is rooted in rural North Carolina. Included here are the first three chapters each of *It Is Time, Lord* (1963) and *The Inkling* (1965). These fresh and forceful pages seem to be autobiographically derived fiction about boyhood and growing up. *Dagon* (1968) is something else again—less about growth than about regression. *Dagon* is a "horror story" in a way, alluding as it does to H. P. Lovecraft; but it is also an ambitious and harrowing work of art enfolding Hawthorne and Milton in a relentless and crushing parable, an allegorical and Manichaean nightmare of dissociated inhumanity in which a man becomes a monster—or a pagan god. Printed here in its entirety, *Dagon* is an intimidating *tour de force*, of such impact that the stunned reader must take refuge in admiring the author's craft—because otherwise, with no relief in sight, that reader can only squirm like a worm on a hook.

But the first chapter of *The Gaudy Place* (1973) *is* a relief, showing us Arkie, a punk and a hustler who inhabits Gimlet Street in a shabby North Carolina town. Here Chappell draws pictures of a new, semi-urban South, one that is "rotten at the heart." In the excerpts from *I Am One of You Forever* (1985), Chappell returns to the theme of growing up, as rendered through the consciousness of a narrator who hearkens back—and what memories he has! Taking the form often of tall tales, the poetic extensions of rural and familial remembrance achieve a symbolical climax in surreal images—a "magic realism." A tear of frustration and sympathy and regret becomes a globe, a balloon, a world through which a son swims clumsily toward his parents—and that warm and salt environment is also an image suggesting amniotic fluid. Alternatively, Uncle Gurton's fabled and hidden beard—the one he'd been

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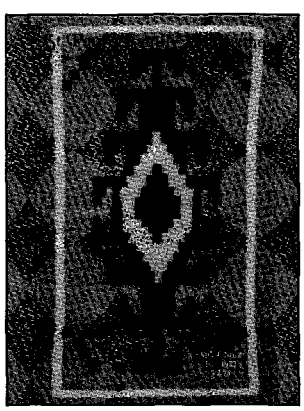

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growing and tucking out of sight for forty years or more—becomes, when the boy and his father try to sneak a peak, a dream, an avalanche, an engulfing flow big enough to contain a white whale. And then there is Uncle Zeno and his side-stepping, slip-sliding stories. Less extravagant but not less memorable is Aunt Samantha Barefoot, who played and sang for the Queen of England, "an awful nice lady"—and thereby hangs a tale. The excerpts from *I Am One of You Forever* show Chappell in his most relaxed, expansive, and charming mode and mood.

The Fred Chappell Reader also contains some of the highly original and experimental short stories from *Moments of Light* (1980), as well as two uncollected stories. Taken altogether, and not neglecting passages of poetry from the remarkable and phantasmagoric Elizabethan pastiche *Castle Tzingal* (1984), as well as an Introduction by Dabney Stuart and an Afterword by the author, this volume compels us to say that Mr. Chappell has done much to justify his claims about writing:

> So that a modern artist throws his whole personal life into the breach, hop-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER'S *A Short Course on South Africa* (Communications Distribution, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; $3 single copy, discounts for quantity) is a shortcut around the fever swamp into which most international commentators have stumbled and sunk. In February 1987, Rusher, in the company of 25 other journalists and scholars, made a two-week "Opinion Leaders' Fact-Finding Tour of South Africa" sponsored by the World Media Association, an affiliate of Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. "It was a whirlwind trip," Rusher writes, ". . . But we managed to cover an immense amount of ground in South Africa, both geographically and politically, and I was able to update my understanding and impressions of that country based on seven previous trips spaced rather evenly over the quarter-century since 1962." As stipulated in the WMA's invitation, each participant afterward wrote an article on an aspect of the South African scene, for publication collectively in book form (*Crossing the Rubicon*, 1987, where the present work appears as a chapter). "My own contribution to the volume," Rusher explains, "ran somewhat longer than most, because I thought it would be useful . . . to include a general description of South Africa's history, its ethnic mix, and its current political problems." When he had finished the job, he realized the utility of publishing the chapter independently, "as the short course on South Africa and its problems that I had long felt was so badly needed."

According to a joke prevalent (if not popular) in South Africa, God, in the midst of creating the world, was confronted by representatives of the other countries, who considered that he had unduly favored South Africa in His allotment of finite natural riches. "You've given it," they protested, "practically all the gold and all the diamonds, and the lion's share of most of the other minerals." "Yes," God agreed, "but wait till you see the population it's getting."

"Almost every imaginable difficulty," Rusher observes, "that can stand in the way of establishing a workable democratic society confronts the political theorist in South Africa." The chief obstacle, of course, is its extreme ethnic diversity and consequent cultural fault-lines apparent today in "a society that reflects, like a vertical wall revealing successive geological strata, almost the entire social progress of the human race, from mud huts inhabited by people still uncomfortable with the wheel to soaring cities that are easily the technological equal of any in the world." South Africa's three ethnic strains are White (English and Afrikaner, "who don't like each other very much"), accounting for about five million people; Colored (about three million, "who have enjoyed three centuries of Western culture"); and Black ("divided into nine major tribes with cultural differences as deep as those among European nations"): none of which, moreover, is indigenous to the country that constitutes modern-day South Africa. South Africa's international critics, wont to speak of "South Africa's blacks," fail to realize that there simply isn't any such entity, and never has been.

"South Africa illustrates," Rusher argues, ". . . the dictum that humility is the beginning of true wisdom"; but then, international progressivism has never been known for its humility. And the problem of South Africa is one which, when approached in the absence of humility, leads inevitably to illogicality, and to potentially catastrophic results. In South Africa, where huge discrepancies in size exist between its ethnic blocs, and where, moreover, distrust among these blocs is far more complicated than white *v.* black or brown, "one man, one vote" is probably inapplicable. "Some polity, or series of polities, must be designed and constructed which will permit all of the peoples of present-day South Africa to participate fully in the political management of their own affairs—without, however, enabling any of them to use the leverage of their numbers to the serious disadvantage of any of the others. And that, obviously, is a very tall order indeed."

It is also an order which, as Rusher demonstrates, is on the way to being filled by the Botha government in Pretoria. It is precisely the specter of this very real progress that has pricked the Communist-infiltrated African National Congress to press "revolution" upon the country, when, in fact, at present, there is no chance of revolution; just as, in the United States, it was the loss of momentum by the liberal domestic agenda that led, in 1984, to liberal America's discovery of its saving issue, South Africa. What South Africa needs, Rusher passionately believes, is *time*, time to extend the reforms to which the present government is committed: time and humility on the part of its critics, sufficient to recognize the uniqueness of that country's destiny, which is unlikely to be realized according to the formulas of Western political-science textbooks, but will almost certainly be discovered by measures as bold and unprecedented as those devised by the founders of another nation then new upon the face of the earth—the United States of America, the two-hundredth anniversary of whose launching American democrats are currently celebrating.

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ing to make up with the intense qualities of that raw material what time does not allow him to master in the way of more objective technique and stratagem. It is not a matter of autobiography or confession; it is the using of one's very marrow and soul as a means of expression. It is not a matter of hapless suffering for the work but of a disciplined suffering inside the work; it is a matter of careful self-destruction in order that destruction may lead to absorption. It is perhaps heroic in a minor and foolishly quixotic way, and it is not healthy, but it is more common than most of us ordinarily imagine.

This volume, then, charts the much respected position that Fred Chappell has made for himself in the literature of his country and generation—the reputation he has achieved with integrity and with "sullen art." *The Fred Chappell Reader* will make a Fred Chappell reader of just about anyone. □

CHROMATIC SENSUALIST

Jeffrey Meyers

Matisse: The Man and His Art, 1869-1918, by Jack Flam (Cornell, 528 pp., $75)

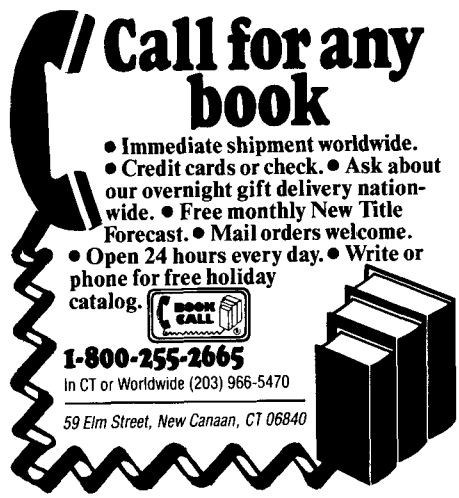
FLAM'S BOOK (despite its subtitle) is not a life of Matisse, but a beautifully illustrated study of the period in which he produced his greatest works, with bits of biographical information thrown in. Born in dreary Picardy, the submissive son of a prosperous grain and hardware merchant, Matisse passed his law exams in Paris but never visited the Louvre. Attacks of appendicitis enabled him to escape both military service and the law office, and to study painting with Gustave Moreau for five years while his disapproving father supported him.

Flam does not, as he claims, "pay a good deal of attention to the circumstances of Matisse's life," does not illuminate the character of that aloof, solitary, and intensely private artist, and does not make the connection between the man and his art. He covers Matisse's background, parents, and first twenty years in two pages. Caroline Joblaud—Matisse's model and mistress, and the mother of his first, illegitimate child—leaves his life as rapidly and mysteriously as she entered it. Flam refers to Matisse's sexual liaisons with models (one of whom married Thomas Mann's brother-in-law and later committed suicide) but does not connect these affairs to the twenty-year psychosomatic illness of his shadowy wife, which ended when they finally separated in 1939. Leo Stein said more about Matisse in a few words than Flam does in his entire book: "Matisse—bearded, but with propriety; spectacled neatly; intelligent, freely spoken but a little shy—in an immaculate room, a place for everything and everything in its place, both within his head and without."

Flam is learned, thorough, and especially good on the evolution through various stages of *Le bonheur de vivre*, which was inspired by Mallarmé's poem "The Afternoon of a Faun," and which portrays "a state of grace achieved through total harmony with nature." And he is perceptive about the three great symphonic interiors of 1908-12: *Harmony in Red*, "based on strong color harmonies, intensely flattened space, and the interplay between the extreme arabesque and the female figure"; *Pink Studio*, which has "the lightness and freshness of a watercolor" and a "remarkable sense of calm, order, and sureness"; and *Red Studio*, a pensive and introspective meditation on time.

But Flam's style is repetitive and graceless; his attitude toward Matisse defensive (especially in connection with the painter's great rival, Picasso) and hyperbolic. He denies that Matisse is hedonistic, decorative, and superficial. But his descriptions are often obvious or imprecise; and his unconvincing commentary strains the limits of belief. He rather obviously states: "the window through which the viewer looks at the scene becomes the window of art" and "the picture contains a record of the artist's mind at work." He inaccurately maintains that *Studio under the Eaves*, which shows light shining through an open window, "reflects the intense claustrophobia [Matisse] must have felt there," and that the model in *Studio, Quai Saint-Michel*, who reclines in full view, is "barricaded, cut off from us by two [low] facing chairs."

Flam improbably claims that *Luxe, calme et volupté* "was meant as an equivalent of a Baudelairean poem." But he fails to explain the meaning of the poem that provides the title or to perceive that *luxe* and *volupté* are conspicuously absent from the *calme* painting, which was justly criticized for being too dry and theoretical. Ignoring the formidable intellect in the work of Wyndham Lewis, Max Beckmann, and Wassily Kandinsky, Flam claims of the vibrant and colorful *The Open Window, Collioure* (1905): "Nowhere else in all of twentieth-century painting is more sheer force or denser or more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complex visual thought packed into so small a picture." Matisse himself declared: "While working I never try to think, only to feel."

Matisse worked from nature, the Cubists from memory and imagination; and as early as 1909 it became clear that they were destined to take opposite directions. Yet Matisse, who had a naturalistic talent but wanted to keep up with the Cubist avant-garde, wavered between the two styles. Though the poet Guillaume Apollinaire praised Matisse's work, most critics, during the first half of his career, were hostile and even abusive to it.

Though Matisse was strangely removed from all the external events of his time—a considerable weakness in the man and his art—and, when the Great War broke out, was mainly worried about his paintings in Berlin, he did produce one uncharacteristically somber work, *Open Window, Collioure* (1914), in which "the window opens onto—or perhaps into—blackness." His best large-scale paintings, however, display brilliant color, and combine sensuality and austerity, clear forms and gorgeous visual effects. □

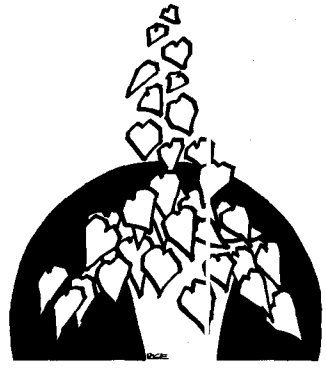
NEW FICTION

THE SELLING OF THE YOUNG

Jeffrey Giles

ONCE ONE twenty-year-old writer had published a book, a lot of other twenty-year-olds were convinced they could write books too. And, unfortunately, many of them did. A publicist's feeding-frenzy ensued: the writers, most of them just out of college, became literature's Brat Pack, and America had yet another lost generation on its hands. The most recent additions to the Pack are Jill Eisenstadt and Rae Lawrence, whose debut novels—coupled with some second novels from their trendy forerunners—have accounted for the largest onslaught of disillusioned young writers to date.

Even before Miss Eisenstadt's novel *From Rockaway* was published, the film rights were snapped up by Sidney (*Out of Africa*) Pollack, and her face was paraded around magazines like *Vanity Fair*, *New York*, and *Scene*. Her background is disarmingly simple: she was a lifeguard in high school; she went to college and graduate school. Rae Lawrence's background is more confusing. In her novel *Satisfaction*, she writes, "December Dunne was going north to reinvent herself. As what, she didn't exactly know." Reinvent herself is exactly what Rae Lawrence—or rather Ruth Liebman—did. After assuming the pen name "Rae Lawrence," she wrote a piece for *The New York Times Magazine* passing herself off as an anonymous secretary who "wrote the proverbial 'big book' and struck it rich." Miss Lawrence did not mention going to Harvard or writing for the *Crimson* or spending two years at Viking Press. When she was exposed as something of an insider to the world of publishing, there was the usual scandal. The upshot, of course, was that anyone who didn't already own *Satisfaction* bought it. Miss Lawrence, like Miss Eisenstadt, was instantly dubbed a spokesperson for her generation. In her fiction, a new voice was promised.



Several "new voices" ago, there was Jay McInerney. McInerney's novel *Bright Lights, Big City* (1984) unofficially inaugurated the Very Young Novelists genre. That book concerns itself with the life of a fact-checker at a magazine clearly fashioned after *The New Yorker*—where McInerney himself had worked. Trying to escape this "menial job in a venerable institution," the narrator seeks fulfillment at night by drifting from club to club, snorting cocaine, and feeling oppressed by yuppie angst.

McInerney's chronicle of wasted youth in New York City was soon followed by Bret Easton Ellis's *Less Than Zero*, a chronicle of wasted youth in Los Angeles. In this sordid, humorless book, Ellis also pursued the theme of disenfranchised youth. *Less Than Zero* is a novel about a collapsed moral order, a novel about boredom, pornography, and, of course, cocaine.

It did not take long for their respective publishers to realize that *Bright Lights* and *Less Than Zero* had enormous profit potential. McInerney and Ellis became spokesmen for their generation, exploiting our indefatigable fascination with the young. In reality, of course, the writers spoke for no one but themselves and their jaded urban friends.

Now Miss Eisenstadt has done us the favor of speaking for her jaded suburban friends. She sets her novel in Rockaway, New York, where Alex, Peg, Timmy, and Chowderhead have just finished high school. Traditionally this is a time of disintegration, but, in Miss Eisenstadt's world, the characters cannot even manage to go their separate ways. With the exception of Alex, who has won an unexpected scholarship to "Camden College," the characters work as lifeguards and fight off boredom by drinking in parking lots and having random sexual encounters.

Miss Lawrence's characters fight off boredom by spending money and stealing each other's boyfriends. *Satisfaction* is more entertaining to read than *From Rockaway*—perhaps because it is so unabashed in its trashiness. The book revolves around "four daughters of four of the most famous men in America." These ultra-rich fashion plates are Harvard freshmen when the novel opens, and Miss Lawrence chronicles their mood swings meticulously as they confront problems like learning how to make a bed and eating pizza for the first time. As for the men in the book, they are sketchy at best—the kind of men who are always giving backrubs and saying things like: "You're a warm, beautiful, intelligent, very special woman."

While Miss Lawrence's book has garnered some positive reviews, Miss Eisenstadt, like McInerney and Ellis, has been awarded the coveted "unreview." The "unreview" occurs when a reviewer sets the literary value of a book aside and dotes instead on its alleged sociological significance. Aside from mistaking books for artifacts and novelists for journalists, these reviews tend to reinforce the writer's position as a spokesperson. And it is a position that few of them have the resources to live up to.

If critics tend to be lenient with these writers the first time around it is

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perhaps because they respect what an inordinate task it is to write that first book. And, after all, there is always the Second Novel, which they generally submit to a frenetic bashing. By the time a Second Book is published, much of the hype surrounding a given author—the talk of "sociological import"—has dissipated, leaving the novel in the awkward position of having to speak for itself. Even college newspapers, which reflect the same audience that Bret Ellis is presumably speaking for, have had no qualms about suggesting that his new book, *The Rules of Attraction*, is the worst novel ever written. Jay McInerney's second novel, *Ransom*, had an even more frightening reception: no one paid any attention to it. (A rite-of-passage book set in Japan, after all, hardly carries the significance of a rite-of-passage book set in New York.) McInerney turned to publishing yuppie bedtime stories for a while, and kept his reputation above water by dissociating himself from the Pack.

McInerney and Ellis are not the only young writers to hit a wall after one or two books. Tama Janowitz, whose collection of stories *Slaves of New York* was much heralded not so long ago, has been having a typically rough time with her novel, *A Cannibal in Manhattan*. David Leavitt—a junior at Yale when he published his first story in *The New Yorker* and still in his early twenties when he won an O. Henry—produced a remarkable collection entitled *Family Dancing*, then floundered with *The Lost Language of Cranes*. Often, before these second books are published, the publishing houses have found new faces, new wonder-kids to hang with that impossible label—"the startling first voice of a new generation."

When *Satisfaction* was released this summer, Poseidon Press (a subsidiary of Simon & Schuster) did something previously unimaginable: it offered readers a money-back guarantee of "satisfaction." If you didn't like the book for any reason, you could simply send it back and be reimbursed for it. That humiliating publicity stunt somehow epitomizes all this selling of the young. These books are disposable: forgotten, for the most part, after the hour or two they take to read. All of this, of course, is as nothing to the publishing houses, whose attitude seems to be, Maybe if we discover enough young writers, one of them will tell us something. □

THE GIMLET EYE

JURY-DUTY JOURNAL

D. Keith Mano

Now I KNOW why the *Twelve Angry Men* got angry—they were treated like they had Kwok's disease or something by the New York court system. . . . Elderly woman just went up front to ask a question. Female behind the desk says, "Get away. Can't you see I'm busy? We're not paid to answer your questions. Go sit down." Intolerable rudeness—everyone around here has the disposition of a molting adder . . . aarrgh . . . If I get through these two weeks without committing a mild felony of my own it'll be outright miraculous.

. . . Central Jury Room belongs on a sidespur of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Still, you can read here at least. And talk. . . . But the voir-dire process could drive me to screaming Stockholm syndrome. Asst. DA says, "You write books, Mr. Mano, would you describe each of them, please?" A case of wrongful dogbite and my prose style is being indicted. . . . And these court officers—staring happily into a bleak middle-distance all day long, they must have gristle for brain matter.

. . . The judges, of course, are

(Continues on page 70)

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THE HARM IS DONE

NEW YORK, OCT. 21

WE ARE approaching the days (weeks? months?) when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will hear the arguments for confirming the treaty arranged by Reagan-Shultz to remove intermediate nuclear weapons from Europe. The Panama Canal Treaty of 1979 kept the Senate committee listening to testimony for 16 weeks. Proponents of the treaty insisted that vital interests of the United States would not be jeopardized, rather they would be enhanced by the proposed treaty. A decade having gone by without a crisis in which the new arrangements in Panama have proved damaging, it is fair to say that at least in the short term the treaty was sound. It is by no means confidently said that a decade from now the vital interests of the United States will not have been affected by the proposed INF treaty.

The main trouble is that the damage is really done, and it makes little difference how the Senate acts. Dr. Henry Kissinger, for example, plans to testify. And he will give his reasons (as he has done eloquently in the current issue of *Newsweek*) why he thinks the treaty is not merely bad, but profoundly bad. But we cannot talk in the subjunctive mood about the damage the treaty would do if ratified.

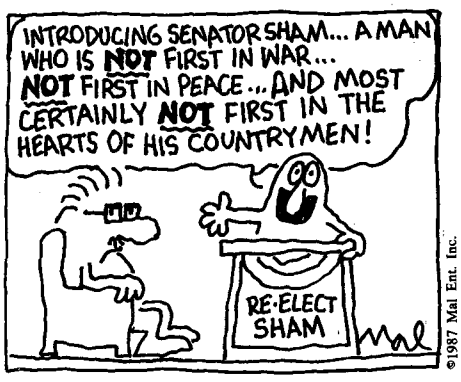
The years 1981-1983 will probably be viewed by historians as the watershed. During those years, Ronald Reagan flatly insisted on proceeding to deploy the intermediate-range nuclear missiles first demanded by Helmut Schmidt in 1977 when the intimidating shadow of the Soviet SS-20s reached the Bundestag. The reasoning then was that nuclear equality between the forces of the Soviet Union and those of the United States worked to the disadvantage of the West, in that, the superpowers having neutralized each other's ultimate forces, their penultimate forces emerged as of dominant military relevance. And these are of course the conventional forces. The Soviet Union, with its deployment of the SS-20s, was really engaged in adding nuclear strength to its preponderant tactical advantage. By deploying their own nuclear weapons, the allies would neutralize this entire advantage.

The European Left, plus European ambiguists, fought as hard as the American isolationists in 1940 and 1941 to prevent deployment, but Reagan said: That is the way it is going to be. And Americans abroad, joining with realistic Europeans, ardently detailed the advantages to be got from the countervailing nuclear weapons. The deployment of these weapons was the most significant achievement of the foreign policy of Ronald Reagan.

And then, suddenly, we were hoist with our own petard. The Soviet Union recognizes that a) it probably doesn't need SS-20s to intimidate Europe; b) if it did, it could cook them up without any real problem—the United States is accustomed to Soviet violation of treaty terms, as witness our continuing toleration of the radar station at Krasnoyarsk; c) if it didn't suit the Soviets to reassemble their SS-20s, they could with absolute impunity put their mobile SS-24s just where they wanted to, yes, right up to the Brandenburg Gate. And if they did so, what would they face?

Omaha, Nebraska, when you come down to it. The nuclear forces of France and Great Britain are hardly enough to meet a challenge by the Soviet Union. And our nuclear artillery, carried by bombers and launched from submarines, is unlikely to be used in a situation in which the Soviet Union declares that any such use would invite retaliation against the heartland of America.

The United States won the battle in deploying our cruise missiles and our Pershings. It has now lost the war. Lost it because political landslides of geological dimension have taken place in Europe. Ask yourself one question alone: If the Senate were to reject the INF treaty, could we then proceed with the full deployment of the scheduled intermediate-range missiles?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Preposterous. The question would then be not, Should the U.S. continue with deployment? but, Should the U.S. remove those weapons it has already deployed?

The diplomatic game, played by the State Department since Reykjavik, has changed drastically the politics of West Germany, which sees itself now as, for all intents and purposes, disarmed. Great Britain's opposition party wants unilateral nuclear disarmament, which is not very far from what they are getting under the INF treaty. The Low Countries and Scandinavia are formalizing the neutrality they have always inclined to.

Some treaty. Where do we go now? □

BACKLASH?

NEW YORK, OCT. 23

I HAVE A FRIEND, aged 85, whose instincts are instructive because she combines a large heart with a stern sense of realism. In a recent visit (we worked side by side in an office for 15 years), she told me, in her little apartment in San Francisco, that she has no pity for men and women who die of AIDS contracted by needle—"if they knew what they were doing." "What about sex?" I asked. "Same thing. If they knew what they were doing."

My friend is certainly right in insisting that the question of blame, where AIDS is concerned, is very nearly forgotten. We should not deny ourselves an answer to these questions:

If one thousand Americans contract AIDS this October, and nine hundred of these are contaminated by sex (six hundred) and needles (three hundred) we must assume that the overwhelming majority knew, by the first day of October, that there was great danger in handling a needle lackadaisically; great danger in male-to-male sex unless it is established that both men are free of the virus. How does that knowledge reasonably affect the public's attitude toward them?

One reaches out for analogies. The drunk driver comes quickly to mind. It isn't widely believed that the man who drives while drunk is completely unaware that he might cause an accident. If he does cause an accident and hurts only himself, the attitude of many of his friends

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and associates is, "Serves him right"—even though that isn't what you say when you go visit him at the hospital. Speaking of which, such persons do get visited in the hospital, because it is the civilized thing to do, to visit those who are sick even if they made themselves sick.

Now if the drunken motorist succeeds in hurting or killing someone else, visits are likely to be in jails—and here there is a growing consensus. There are militant bands of men and women whose sons and daughters have been killed by drunk drivers, and they wish to see the iron side of the law. Go ahead and cure the drunk driver if he also got hurt in the accident, but send him from the hospital to the jail.

Somewhere, tangentially in the area, we have the cigarette smoker. By tradition, we have treated cigarette smoking as a casual vice, and indeed there are those who smoke and live and die with lungs intact. But when an Edward R. Murrow dies from lung cancer, there is the leavening of resentful grief that goes with one's sense of obligation to realism: if you decide to smoke, day after day, year after year, you tempt conclusive punishment.

My friend in San Francisco has no doubt picked up a social impulse in formation. It may be that the majority of Texas high-school students don't know where Mexico is, but one can safely bet that the majority of Texas high-school students know that AIDS is a deadly disease, and know how it is contracted. We are living in an age in which it is virtually impossible not to know about AIDS. When, at the turn of the century, Dr. Paul Ehrlich was asked what complaint he was devoting his time to attempting to cure, his answer caused all the ladies to leave the table: one did not mention the word "syphilis" in polite company. Things are very different now. One does not fail to mention the word AIDS. You can find it in the *Reader's Digest*. And you can find condoms in vending machines in more and more colleges.

"200,000 March in Capital to Seek / Gay Rights and Money for AIDS." The coalescing spirit of many Americans toward such demonstrations is not exactly as predicted. The problem, of course, is that if nine hundred contracted AIDS by wantonly exposing themselves to the disease—so to speak, by drunk driving—that leaves one hundred who contracted it innocently. Children of diseased parents; recipients of diseased blood; the incidental man or woman who came into contact with diseased blood in the operating room or the dentist's chair. Their moral claim on the compassionate attention of the community is undeniable. And—of course—any benefits that accrue to them should be made available to all others who suffer, never mind the circumstances of their affliction. The drunk driver receives the same blood plasma as the child he hit.

But there is the difference between one's attitude toward the one victim, and toward the other. My friend in San Francisco may despair that so much time, talent, money, and concern are shown toward those who, before October 1, had it perfectly in their power to prevent themselves from becoming ill; yet there is that concern. But it is not absolutely safe to count on its perpetuity. □

MRS. KIRKPATRICK VISITS MANAGUA

NEW YORK, OCT. 19

MRS. JEANE KIRKPATRICK is just back from Nicaragua and has interesting things to say. Granted, she has interesting things to say when she comes back from a seminar at Georgetown; but there is a difference. It was she, while at the UN, who did so much to popularize the case against the Sandinistas. In recognition of her constancy, she was greeted by the resistance in Managua as a hero.

She said that it was *just* possible that the Sandinista government would abide by the terms of the ceasefire scheduled to begin November 7. Pressed to account for admitting a possibility never before experienced in any Marxist-Leninist dictatorship —the toleration of political freedom—Mrs. K. said that the pressures on the Sandinista government are very great. There is, to begin with, the pressure from the signatories to the Arias ceasefire plan, for which the President of Costa Rica received the Nobel Peace Prize, probably the fastest Nobel gestation in history.

Then there are the economic pressures. Inflation is at 700 per cent, she reports, and per-capita earnings are down to 40 per cent of what they were in 1981.

And then there is the pressure from the Contras. "There are fifty or sixty thousand of them, and they are growing in number."

Question: If the Contras lose support from the United States Government, would the chances of a ceasefire with political freedom simply evaporate?

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who is a scholar, is not given to simplistic answers. But to this question she replied, "Yes."

We are reminded that the Soviet Union, in 1985, sent $1 billion worth of armaments to Nicaragua. The same sum in 1986. And $1 billion has already been sent this year. Meanwhile, Congress is caviling over $200-odd million, and only one of the Democrats running for President (Gore) favors aid of any sort. Senator Gore is in favor of "humanitarian aid," one of the emptiest concepts in political history. What is it one is supposed to do with humanitarian aid for a resistance movement? Buy Band-Aids? But what will Band-Aids be needed for, if there is an end to the supply of guns and ammunition? "Humanitarian" aid is either a euphemism or a copout. What has brought pressure on the Sandinistas isn't the Contras' supply of penicillin.

What, then, does Mrs. Kirkpatrick believe is likely to follow? The major probability is that if elections are called, they will be rigged. Now here comes the subtle question: Will they be rigged in such a way as to be tolerable to us?

Mexico rigs its elections, and nobody much cares. The ruling party (Partido Revolucionario Institucional) has been at it since 1929 and the techniques are refined. You permit enough opposition to give the impression that there is political liberty, but stick-and-carrot are used wherever necessary, and the dynastic tradition—one president selecting his successor, after a single term—continues.

Now, the government of Nicaragua could imitate the Mexican model and tranquilize the opposition—but only if it put an end to the implementation of a Communist state. If it could contrive to seal off its program, maintaining borders secure against centrifugal imperialistic pressures, then we would indeed be seeing something never before seen in the twentieth century. All the Maryknoll missionaries could then rejoice over the undisturbed peace of liberation theology confined within Nicaragua.

BUT IT IS the logic of Communism to imperialize, and the peace of El Salvador and Honduras and Guatemala and Costa Rica—and, yes, Panama and Mexico—depend on containing a dynamo that, in order to breathe, needs to breathe the air that comes from the corpses of free institutions, and human beings. The kind of power that is needed even to bring about only a domestic Communist state absolutely excludes some of the liberties enjoyed by Mexicans. What happens in Mexico is despotism, not totalitarianism, to revive an important distinction. A distinction most sharply caught by Peter Berger, when he said that those who cannot tell the difference between the two, could not teil the difference between Saigon, and Ho Chi Minh City.

A summary of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's findings? There is no hope for substantial change in Nicaragua unless we continue to arm the Contras. If we do so, there is some hope, however slender, that the Sandinistas will themselves preside over the emasculation of the Marxist program. The only tolerable alternative is their overthrow. And this, she believes, the Contras, together with the mass of the people being tyrannized over, are capable of doing. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

GOOD-LOOKING Charlotte, N.C., male, 28, 5'11", not religious but moral, upbeat but lonely, sociable but not into bar scene, financially secure but has no one to spend it on, likes Buckley novels, *NR*, travel, and bodybuilding, seeks politically conservative or libertarian, attractive gal for hot romance at worst, marriage and family at best. NR Box 5068.

NYC GOVERNMENT PROFESSIONAL, single, white, Catholic male, 30, 5'10", with interests in politics, music, film, and sports, seeks single, white, Catholic female, 22–30, for relationship and possible marriage. Note with phone number and photo requested. NR Box 5064.

VERY LOVELY and lovable green-eyed blonde with funny bone, 29, educated, intelligent (Mensa), with traditional values, can provide perfect complement to dynamic, take-charge man, approximately 35–49, who's cosmopolitan, witty, conservative. I particularly enjoy political discussions, C-SPAN, sailing, "antiquing," classical and jazz music, and laughter. Any civilized location fine—"whither thou goest . . ." and all that. NR Box 5065.

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CATHOLIC ACADEMIC PHYSICIAN, Ivy League, former professional athlete, tall, handsome, bright, fit, intellectual, with interests in movies, books, and travel, 35 years old, seeks to meet attractive, caring, intelligent, and interesting lady who values warmth, good conversation, a spirit of fun, fidelity, and sharing the above with the right guy. Photo preferred. Write NR Box 5066.

SCANDINAVIA-U.S.A.-AUSTRALIA: network of members seeking enlightened correspondence, lasting friendship. Scanna, Box 4-HNR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

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Miscellaneous

BRIDGE PLAYERS: A few simple variations on forcing-club bidding systems can make you a terror at the bridge table. For details, $2 to Kentucky Club, 144 Pickett Avenue, Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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MANO

(Continued from page 65)

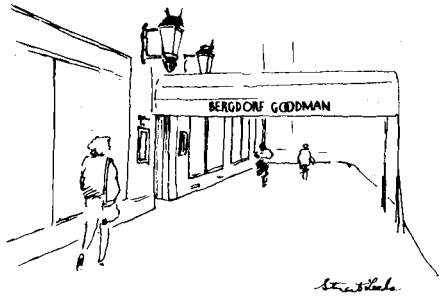
afternoon one juror asked to be taken off a panel. Why? "I find your arrogance and unpleasant manner to be so off-putting that I couldn't deliver a fair opinion." Judge was ripping at that, but he had to let him go. . . . All you hear are smarmy voices that say, "Your honor, oh, your honor." It's no surprise a judge is sent away for criminal misconduct every other week. They get to think their pronouncements are Mosaic.

. . . Third day. . . . Gotta get on this drug case. As an impaneled juror they accord you some small deference—also, judges are so lazy you can catch an afternoon off while they go visit the mistress or play golf. . . . To the prosecution I say, "I'm a contributing editor at NATIONAL REVIEW." To the defense, "I'm a contributing editor at *Playboy* magazine." Nice balance there. . . . And it works, I'm picked. . . . Then, zing, next morning back in Central Jury—around here cases disappear as if they were just the slim velleities of an oversubtle mind.

So the judge said, "Have any of you had crimes of violence committed against you?" Typical New York jury, 14 hands go up. Unanimous. . . . "And why didn't you report that incident?" "I got my wallet back, he only took the money." . . . This is our new social compact, you can have my cash, just don't send me to stand on line at the Motor Vehicle Bureau window.

Sixth day. . . . Back at Central Jury—I feel like K. trying to get into the Castle. . . . Carrion-mouth at the desk just told a woman, "We are not here to serve you, we're here to serve the judges. Go sit down." . . . So I say aloud, "What're you complaining about? You'd pay Werner Erhard a fortune for this kind of humiliation—and you get it here for free." They gave me a round of applause.

. . . It's like Gulag: the unpredictability of the process can crater your spirit. . . . Do you want to get picked or not? If you do, the judge might let you out early. Or they might let the central jury pool out first. . . . If you get impaneled, you might be stuck for three weeks. Then again, you might get days off.



Yesterday I prayed to go into the box for voir dire, rather than be left in the brain-blistering group of those-waiting-for-voir-dire (the ultimate limbo). So they did call me. And everyone who wasn't called got Monday off. . . . It's poor man's bingo and I'm luckless at it.

. . . The system is absurd and humiliating. There has to be some better way. How about a professional jury, made up of retirees and those receiving more than six weeks' unemployment insurance? Or just pay people $5 an hour to serve. It would be cheaper, I'm sure, than taking productive workers off the tax roll for a fortnight. This is costing me about $200 each day, and the *St. Elsewhere* people are irked because I'm three story lines behind. . . . At least 30 per cent of us are in that most vulnerable group, the self-employed. Actors, artists, writers—people who won't be covered by a company payroll and who can't get a note from the boss claiming hardship. We're being killed. . . . Only virtue is the level of conversation. There are more intelligent people on jury duty, at any given moment, than there are in the DA's office.

. . . Sitting in voir dire yesterday, my eighth day, I'm thinking, if the defendant were to walk out, which he could well do (if he weren't asleep), the court system would go on trying this case out of pure inertia. Too many lawyers on the tit here. . . . One poor Chinese woman was dropped from voir dire for the third time because she can't speak English. And still they send her *back* to Central Jury. No one cares. . . . Must reread the first chapter of *Bleak House* tonight.

Would you believe, would you believe? Three days short of my term and they impanel me on an attempted-murder trial—judge estimates it'll take five days. I'll be here two and a half weeks. . . . Defendant stabbed this poor woman three times with a broken bottle. Then, when that didn't satisfy his sense of honor, he stuck her six more times with a knife, which he patiently took from his pocket and opened. . . . Defense doesn't dispute fact. It merely insists that intent hasn't been proved. He didn't *mean* to do it. . . . I told the judge I have five deadlines. She nodded, she was sympathetic. She told me to show up at ten A.M.

. . . Well, we sent Jack the Ripper away, as predicted. Four days of incompetent defense and busboy prosecution. An insult to everyone's intelligence. . . . I just hope this guy does 25, hard time . . . in the Central Jury room, which is the one damn place where an American can be incarcerated without bail or legal counsel for no crime whatever. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Minor Monuments: Selected Essays, by Howard Moss (Ecco Press, 336 pp., $20)

OF THE CRITICAL pieces assembled here—work ranging in time from the late 1950s to 1985—Moss, poetry editor for *The New Yorker* and a distinguished poet himself, writes in the Preface, "they are all forays into alien territory, into the terra incognita of prose, and each was, for me . . . a struggle to master the demands of fact, coherence, and style." But mastered them he has, and in poised and pointed prose. In "Notes on Fiction," for instance, the poet writes: "There's a certain point in every novel where one wants to know what everyone had for dinner. Tolstoy is very good on this score, James very bad. There are no bathrooms or kitchens in *The Wings of the Dove* or *The Golden Bowl* (though there is a famous omelette in *The Ambassadors*). Proust offers us a kitchen, a latrine, and brothel." No less inviting are the author's evaluations of Katherine Anne Porter, Anton Chekhov, and Eudora Welty, to name just a few. And an added treat in this impeccable collection is its gathering of four essays that have never before been collected: an essay on Flaubert; a review of Chekhov's early stories; another of Elizabeth Bishop's fiction; and an essay on Eileen Simpson's *Poets in Their Youth*.

RODNEY STEVENS

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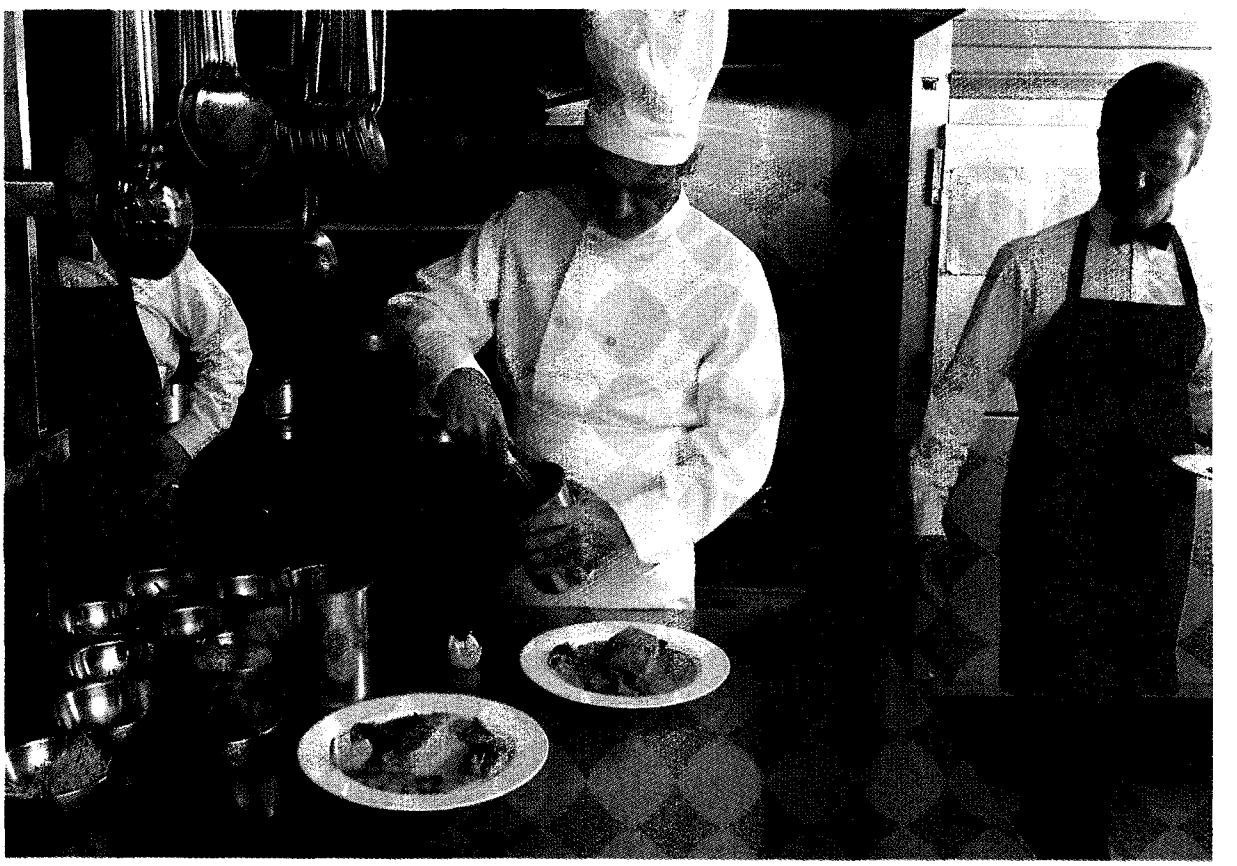
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



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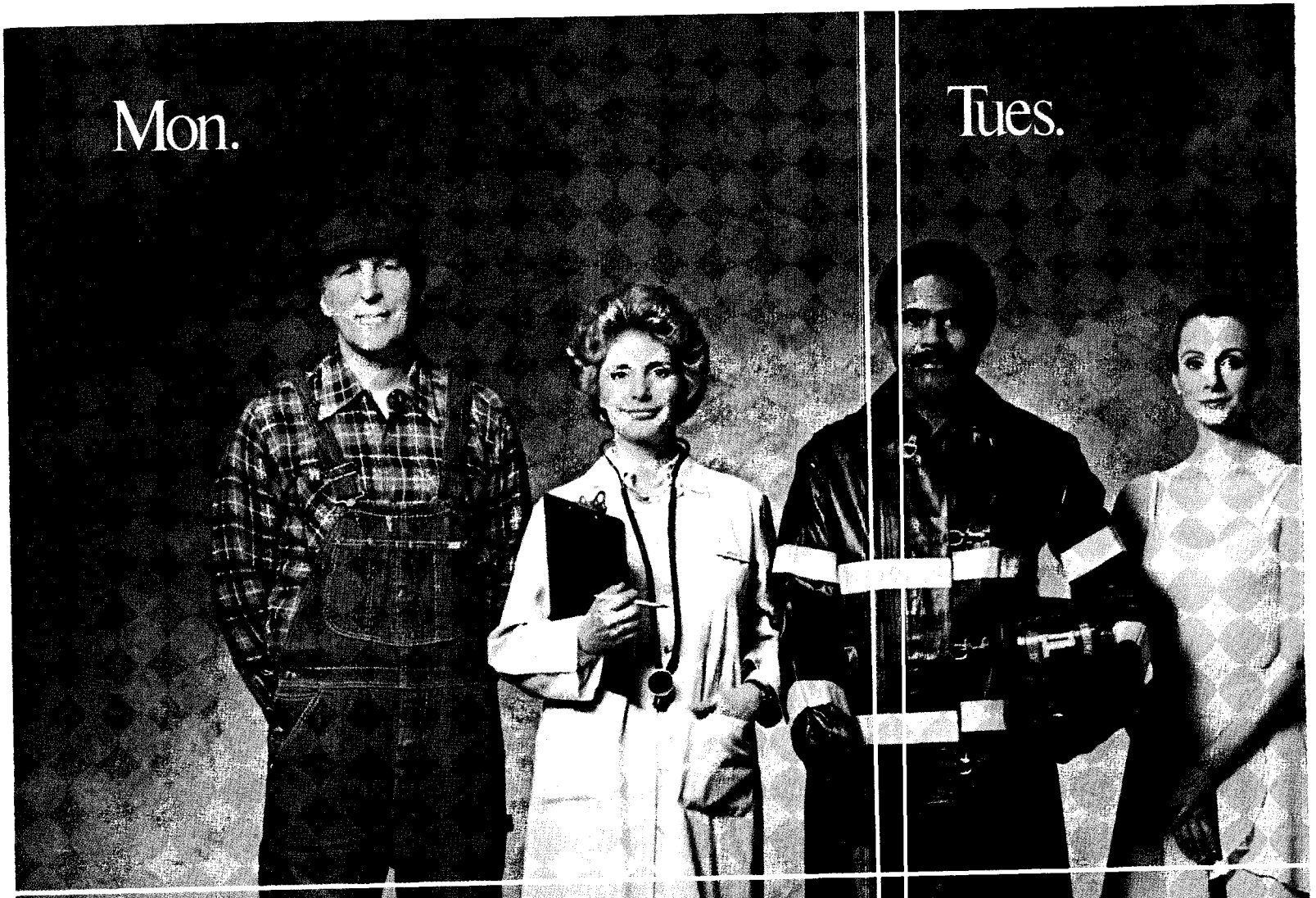

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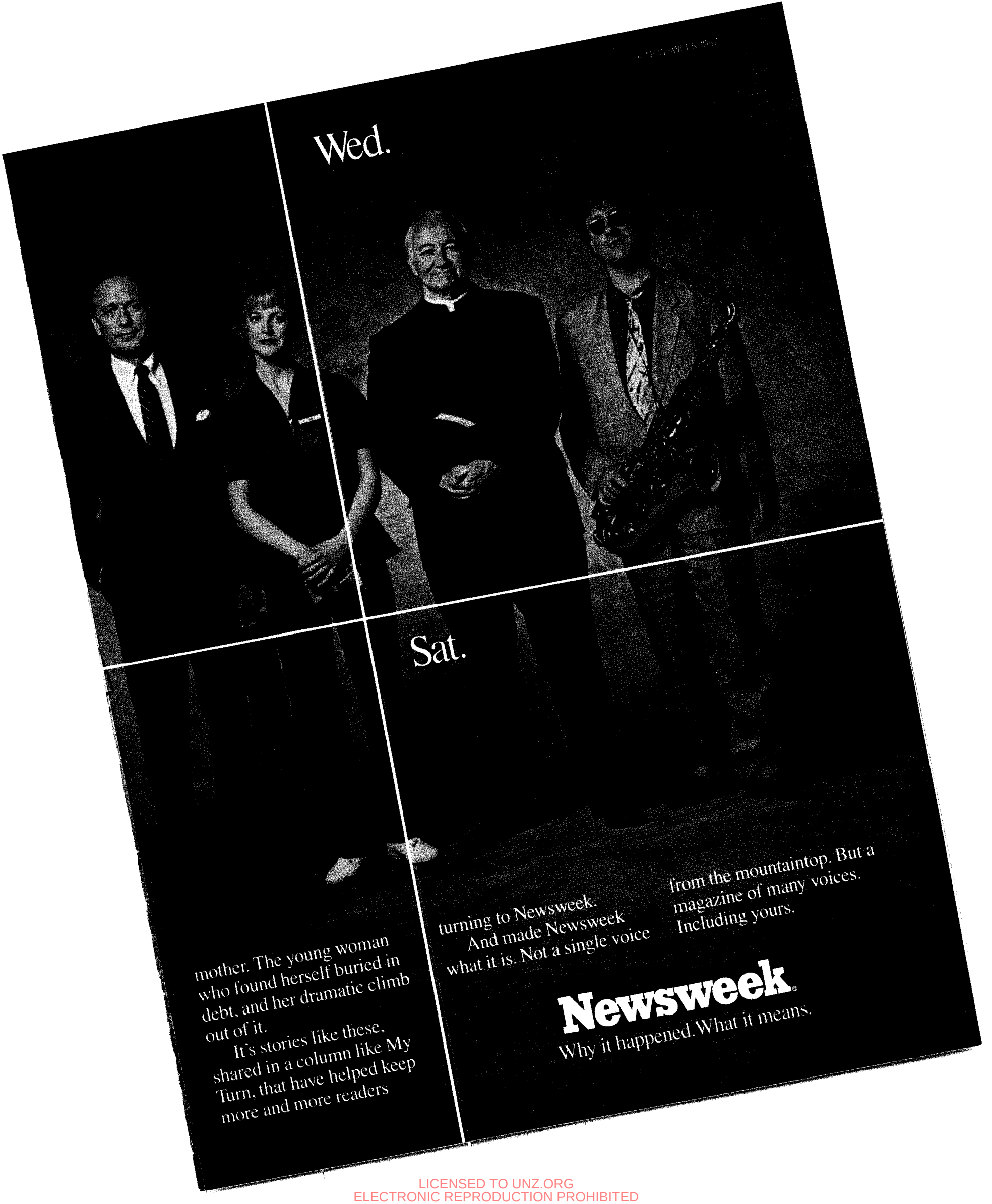
Wed.
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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. New Testament book — 176 36 168 101 5 83 124

B. Theoretical — 49 21 69 194 139 182 59 96

C. Syncopated — 126 181 92 111 60 20 160 37

D. Where the vintner gets his gossip — 134 103 19 122 75 174 187 2 63

E. Model — 99 110 149 143 12 52 127 77 33

F. Remodel — 179 146 9 105 87 29 61 118 130

G. Pirates can't see through one (2 words) — 175 48 6 90 23 196 148 102

H. Toilet article — 180 45 81 162 67 177 35 112 98 137

I. High schooler's special time (2 words) — 74 84 173 165 193 15 191 32 136

J. Worker always on top of his job — 201 123 42 65 178 27

K. Stretched out — 164 133 88 167 70 1 31 113 46

L. Messy — 129 17 166 108 38 154 91 100

M. Descriptive of *Walden*'s author? — 142 169 114 7 64 95 34 197

N. Insulted — 86 40 25 120 172 159 54 73

O. Naive, for the most part — 183 47 68 171

P. One kind of drinker (hyph.) — 44 140 195 55 18 185 119 198 3

Q. Street criminal — 163 71 10 121 132 192 93

R. Have the means — 147 89 115 157 22 51

S. One kind of Pole — 161 150 56 4 97

T. One kind of spirit — 184 13 58 202 151 138 43

U. Puzzled out — 62 26 199 82 128 155

V. Science for those with rocks in their head — 186 125 72 158 94 41 30

W. Took in the evening air — 109 190 53 153 78 8 24

X. Reaganomics, Bush-style — 116 200 144 28 76 104

Y. A Gandhi — 189 85 152 141 11 57

Z. City in southern Connecticut (2 words) — 50 117 14 107 131 188 79 145

a. Calvary — 106 170 16 80 39 66 156 135

1 K	2 D	3 P		4 S	5 A	6 G	7 M	8 W	9 F	10 Q	11 Y	12 E		13 T		14 Z	15 I	16 a	17 L	18 P	19 D	20 C
	21 B	22 R	23 G	24 W	25 N	26 U	27 J	28 X		29 F	30 V		31 K	32 I	33 E		34 M	35 H	36 A	37 C	38 L	
39 a	40 N		41 V	42 J	43 T		44 P	45 H	46 K	47 O	48 C		49 B	50 Z	51 R		52 E	53 W	54 N		55 P	56 S
57 Y	58 T	59 B	60 C	61 F	62 U	63 D		64 M	65 J		66 a	67 H	68 O	69 B		70 K	71 Q	72 V	73 N		74 I	75 D
76 X	77 E	78 W	79 Z		80 a	81 H	82 U	83 A	84 I	85 Y	86 N	87 F		88 K	89 R		90 G	91 L	92 C	93 Q	94 V	95 M
96 B	97 S		98 H	99 E	100L		101A	102G	103D	104X	105F	106a	107Z		108L	109W	110E	111C	112H	113K		114M
115R		116X	117Z	118F	119P	120N	121Q		122D	123J	124A	125V	126C		127E	128U		129L	130F	131Z	132Q	133K
	134D	135a	136I	137H	138T	139B		140P	141Y	142M	143E		144X	145Z	146F		147R	148C	149E	150S	151T	152Y
	153W	154L	155U		156a	157R	158V	159N		160C	161S		162H	163Q	164K		165I	166L	167K	168A	169M	
170a	171O		172N	173I	174D	175G	176A	177H	178J	179F		180H	181C	182B	183O	184T	185P	186V	187D	188Z	189Y	190W
191I		192Q	193I	194B	195P		196G	197M	198P		199U	200X	201J	202T								

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 68 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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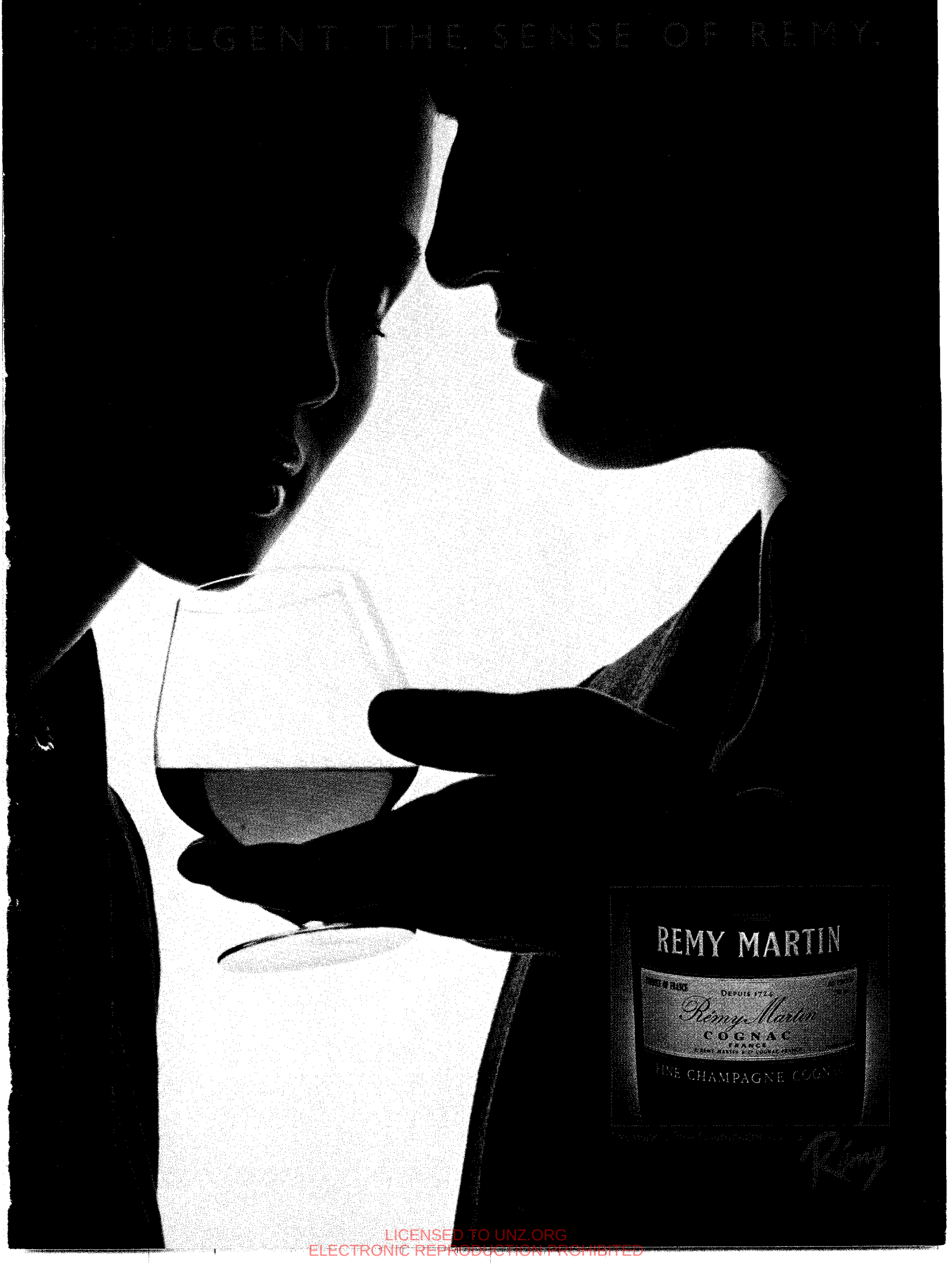

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